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Events of the Week.

MR. HUGHES startled Washington and the world by opening the first business session of the Conference with an exact and detailed programme for the reduction of the American, British, and Japanese navies. After this, none of the usual platitudinous ceremonial speeches are worth a moment's attention. Mr. Hughes has told his guests exactly what America hopes to achieve, and it is already clear that the world's public opinion is forming up behind him. One feels reasonably sure already that with a little margin for detailed revision he will carry his plan. By this method he has boldly reversed the accepted liberal maxim that armaments follow policy, but one feels no equal confidence that he will carry his points as triumphantly when the Conference tackles the problem of China and Siberia. For one thing, he has made it clear that what he primarily wants is a reduction of navies. He will get it; the peril is that the other Powers may charge him a heavy price for it by demanding compromises and concessions in China. Again, one learns, with something like dismay, that the Chinese question will be handled entirely at the secret sittings of the Committees. Mr. Hughes presumably has made his choice. He is resolved on a measure of disarmament. The rest for him is evidently secondary.

THE actual scheme of reduction is simple and good. The three chief Powers are to scrap their older ships at once (within three months of the end of the Conference). All new building is to stop for ten years, and, in particular, the four "Hoods" which we had decided and just begun to build, are to be abandoned. At the end of ten years replacement may begin, on the principle that each capital ship has a life of twenty years. At the beginning of the ten years the British fleet enjoys in numbers an appreciable superiority, with twenty-two capital ships against America's eighteen and Japan's ten. During the ten years this superiority vanishes, presumably because some of the older ships will be scrapped and not replaced as they attain their limit of life. The effect of these proposals will be to require the immediate sacrifice all round of sixty-six capital ships, with over 1,878,000 tons. The standard of tonnage in capital ships will be for America and Great Britain a total of 450,000 tons and for Japan 270,000 tons. When replace-

ment is complete (after ten years) the tonnage may be for the former Powers 500,000 tons, and for Japan 300,000 tons. No new capital ships may exceed 35,000 tons. Submarines are to be limited to a total tonnage of 90,000 tons for America and Britain, and 40,000 tons for Japan.

THE plan has, of course, been narrowly scrutinized by the critics of all the Powers affected. The impression is that America has come forward with a gesture of real generosity. She offers to scrap no less than fifteen capital ships of the latest type now in course of construction, and an equal number of older ships. Our loss will be only four ships just begun, and fifteen of our older types. Japan makes relatively the heaviest sacrifice—500,000 tons of old, partly built or prospective ships, against our 600,000 tons and America's 850,000 tons. The financial gain is not easy to estimate. It may be for America about seventy and for us about twenty millions sterling annually. There comes a cry of rage from one Japanese newspaper which voices naval opinion: it asks for twelve capital ships instead of ten. On our side the amazing thing is that equality with America, the abandonment, in other words, of our traditional naval supremacy, is accepted without a murmur. The only technical criticism so far vocal on our side is Admiral Ballard's plea for more small cruisers.

MR. BALFOUR made the official British reply on Tuesday in a speech of warm congratulation and wholehearted acceptance, managed with supreme tact. Admiral Kato for Japan was cordial but vague. Mr. Balfour very cleverly emphasized one criticism. He is ready in one direction to go further than Mr. Hughes. He does not see the need for 90,000 tons of submarines for anyone: he could do with much less, and he would also like a limit put on the size of the submarine, to check the growth of the aggressive under-water cruiser. After this adroit beginning he slightly indicated another point, which is, however, of supreme importance. Is it businesslike to postpone all replacement for ten years? How will shipyards keep going in the meanwhile? Can they be idle for ten years and then burst out all at once into costly activity? Now these are clearly substantial and reasonable objections, provided one assumes that all of us are really going to continue building capital ships for all time. But perhaps that is not the intention of Mr. Hughes. He may count on the world perceiving the absurdity of the thing. Against whom are we all building, and why? Must America and Britain, each vowing that war is unthinkable, go on building 500,000 tons apiece, which simply neutralize each other? And why should Japan, condemned to permanent inferiority, build at all? These questions may be faced before ten years are up. We strongly suspect that Mr. Hughes has that reckoning in mind. The ten-years' naval holiday is a vital part of his plan.

ONE detail in this naval scheme will require careful attention. At present the French and Italian navies hardly count beside those of the greater naval Powers. But the reduction of ours would raise the relative importance of theirs. France, in particular, a point which Mr. Balfour may have had in mind, is planning a large increase in submarines. Clearly, when the Big

Three are rationed, there must also be a proportionate decrease for France and Italy. Italy is unlikely to raise objections. But M. Briand made one flagrantly hostile remark: "The war," he said, "has affected our fleet, which is already much weaker than it ought to be." But even this is less decisive than his complete refusal to consider the reduction of land armaments. "France," he told the Conference, "has kept an army sufficient only for her needs." On the whole, M. Briand's visit to America may be educative. One gathers that his complete ignorance of the language and mentality of America causes him to sing perceptibly out of tune.

CHINA has now tabled her demand on the Washington Conference in the form of a plea for political and economic independence, agreeing in return not to alienate or lease any portion of her territory to any foreign Power. She also asks for the old monopolies and commitments to be examined; an interesting revelation, to which, we imagine, the Powers will not assent, for it will reveal the fact that most of them have used the "Open Door" as a cover for commercial monopolies. China, on her part, has retorted by granting them all, and leaving the Powers to settle the conflicting claims thus created between them. By way of guarding the future, China calls for a periodical examination of Far Eastern policy. In effect this is a plan for an international guarantee of Chinese freedom. It will be interesting to see what America, England, and Japan, the three beneficiaries of the existing policy of exploitation, will say to it.

WE write in ignorance of the full results of the Liverpool Conference of the Unionist Party, but the fight is over, for the Die-Hards have run away. The Archer-Shee resolution, which challenged the whole policy of negotiation, has been withdrawn, and the Cave will only make a fumbling advance on the lines of the Gretton resolution, which condemns an Irish settlement incompatible with Imperial security and "the protection of the loyalists." The Government will be easily able to control a faction so weakly led as this, and their Irish policy is temporarily safe, for the Parliamentary party is largely committed, and it is clear that the hostile movement in the country is confined to a few Associations in anti-Irish districts. The Irish Attorney-General has resigned—to take a Northern Judgeship—but he is a politician of no account.

IN Ireland, at least, the Ulster resistance has shown no signs of weakening, and Belfast held a great meeting on Wednesday night as a send-off to the Die-Hards' demonstration at Liverpool the following day. The Ulster Cabinet's first refusal of the Government's plan was accompanied by a suggestion that the Six Counties should be given Dominion status. This proposal was described by some of the Die-Hards as a concession. The Government received it for what it was, and gave the only possible answer that no such powers would be conferred. The Ulster Cabinet has sent a second document, which is believed to show no sign of a relenting temper. One of Ulster's Ministers calls Mr. Lloyd George's proposal a base betrayal, and the suggestion that Ulster might discuss the plan of an All-Ireland Parliament has been dismissed as quite unreasonable. All this was to be expected, for Ulster will certainly keep on the top note until it is clear that the Die-Hards here are a small minority of the ex-Unionist Party. As for the Government, they remain firm and united, but they have shown that they have no designs on Ulster's

Parliament by providing for the transfer of the powers that have been withheld. It is significant that the control of the police, which under the Act was reserved for three years, is to be given to Ulster at once. This is a serious experiment in any case, and an altogether disastrous one if Sir James Craig's Government proceed to enrol the Special Constables, who have been responsible for some of the worst abuses in Ulster government.

HOWEVER, it would be a bad mistake to assume that Ulster will stand out for ever against the plan for an All-Ireland Parliament. There are influences at work on the other side. Lord Midleton and other representatives of the Southern Unionists called on the Prime Minister this week, and they will, without doubt, give what help they can to the cause of peace. Within Ulster there are also moderating elements. It is plain that Ulster will suffer sharply in her economic interests if she persists in isolating herself politically from Ireland. The six counties or four counties (for if Ulster stands out, her area will almost certainly be reduced by *plébiscite*) would lose heavily if the rest of Ireland decided to impose an economic isolation in response to the Ulster demand for political isolation. The economic life of this small community would become very difficult and anxious. Ulster's ports would lose a great deal of their business, and a tariff on Ulster goods must seriously cripple her trade. Such would be the penalties of isolation. On the other hand, it is no secret that Sinn Féin would be ready to give securities if once Ulster would come into an All-Ireland Parliament. These considerations should count for something in Ulster as soon as it becomes plain that no considerable party in England is ready to use Ulster's demand as an opportunity for pushing the interests of faction here. Still a third solution—which is not very far from a surrender—is declared by the "Daily Express" to be favored and promoted by Mr. Bonar Law. This is that Ulster should give up her Parliament, and offer to return to Westminster and to accept the full burden of Imperial taxation. That, again, seems an impracticable policy. Industrial Ulster will not thank its leaders for throwing over local Home Rule and rejecting the low taxation which the South and the West will enjoy.

THERE is no sign of relief in the German financial crisis, and though it rightly attracts the chief attention, the whole of Central Europe, including Roumania, is obviously marching in step to bankruptcy, some behind and some before. There was some kind of sinister hope in a scheme devised by Herr Stinnes and the "heavy" industries, which is said to have British official support. It was, in effect, that these associated industries should farm Germany's debt, and mobilize for the payment of her obligations to the Allies the credits which they possess abroad. But they asked impossibly onerous terms. They want to take over the whole of the State and municipal public services in order to run them at a profit. The railways, telegraphs, and telephones are all included. They ask also for a pledge that no nationalization of other undertakings, e.g., coal-mines, will be attempted. The railways at present are working at a heavy loss. The general public objects to being exploited, which certainly would be its fate. The Socialists see in the scheme a proposal to reduce the State itself to a mere shadow, and even that shadow would have its ghostly hands tied. A vast financial syndicate would become the only power that counted in Germany, with all the vital services—coal, iron, steel, railways, canals, and telegraphs—in its

grip. The Wirth Cabinet has, it is believed, rejected the scheme, and the Reichstag will probably agree with it. It is an odd thing that our Foreign Office, with its infallible trick of blundering, seems to favor the reactionary capitalist Stinnes, while the French have come to terms with the essentially progressive Rathenau.

* * *

THE negotiations between Adly Pasha's delegation and the Foreign Office have come this week to a crisis. We do not suppose that Adly Pasha actually wishes to return to Egypt with nothing to show for his visit save a lost illusion, but that certainly will be the result unless Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill improve their terms. There are several points of disagreement. Thus Lord Curzon insists on maintaining at least two of the "advisers" in their old status, as nominees not of the Egyptian but of the British Government. Even that, however, is a trifle compared with the insistence of Lord Curzon that British garrisons shall be maintained at Cairo and Alexandria, as well as in the Canal zone. The Egyptians wish to confine the British forces which are to guard the Canal to its northern bank, *i.e.*, to the Sinai Peninsula. They will compromise so far as to accept its presence on both banks in a specified zone. But they cannot admit that it shall camp in the capital without accepting the Occupation as a permanency. The whole scheme, even as Lord Milner drafted it, was a very delicate fabric, worthless if our good faith were open to doubt. To maintain the Occupation is to damn it from A to Z, for this element of force in our hands defines the whole relationship more eloquently than any charter. One has no patience to discuss such impolicy. Here is Adly Pasha, the leader of a correct, respectable minority, who, in his tussle with Zaghloul Pasha and the masses, had staked everything on the proposition that we are to be trusted. Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill are now at pains to demonstrate that the tactful, compromising Adly was wrong, and the violent, suspicious Zaghloul was right. Many details in the Egyptian settlement are variable and debatable, but no Egyptian statesman dare go home and confess that he had accepted a permanent Occupation.

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THERE is no fresher step of consequence to record in the Anglo-French disagreement over France's separate treaty with the Turks. The public controversy has died down, pending M. Briand's reply from Washington. The ugliest aspect of the matter is that the imminent return of the Turks to Cilicia has caused a panic among the Christian population. The rumor runs that the Turks have sworn to exterminate both Greeks and Armenians, and the Christian remnant (it cannot now be very numerous) is leaving the mainland in great numbers in vessels sent by the Greek Government to carry it to Cyprus. These migrations, equally tragic for both sides, have been going on upon a scale which has depopulated vast regions of the Near East. The Greeks, in 1913, drove scores of thousands of Bulgarians and Turks out of Southern Macedonia (we saw the latter encamped at Salonica), brought Greeks to replace them, and failed to provide for them so signally that they are said to be dying at the rate of 128 per thousand per annum. Constantinople is full of Turkish refugees who fled from the Greek armies in Asia Minor. Each side in turn depopulated Thrace. The Turks made Armenia a desert, and now the mere threat of their return is desolating Cilicia. The lapse of Europe into barbarism has called up even more savage furies from the East. Peace must be imposed, but can it be done while Paris and London are at feud?

WE are very sorry to learn from the "Manchester Guardian" that one of the results of Mr. Gandhi's movement has been not only to stop "India," the organ of Indian Nationalism in this country, and to end the British Committee of the Indian National Congress, but to close the London bureau for spreading knowledge of Congress policy. This is to cut off all the old formal links between advanced thought here and in India, a disintegrating process which cannot be too much deplored. Everyone who knows politics here knows how disinterested has been the work of which men like Sir William Wedderburn were the leaders, and from which a great Indian statesman like Mr. Gokhale largely drew his power to keep liberal opinion true to the cause of Indian self-government. However, the blame does not rest entirely with Indian Nationalism. Modern London has never done its duty to India, and it is not surprising that it is now considered in India to be a negligible factor in the Home Rule movement. In particular it has shamefully neglected the student class. Only the other day we heard a complaint from a representative of Young India in London of the way in which these young men, many of them of great refinement of bearing and of high intellectual quality, are excluded from London hotels and boarding-houses purely on the ground of color. We think the Government ought to look into this grievance, and do their best, by remonstrance with offenders, to remedy it.

* * *

THE conflict between the University authorities at Oxford and the Labor Club seems now to have been extended to all the political clubs, doubtless with the view of meeting the charge of a special attack on Labor. We are informed that the Vice-Chancellor has now imposed the following ban:—

"1. No club is to call itself by any title referring to 'Oxford' or 'University.'

"2. There is to be one, and only one, public meeting of a political nature per term."

If we are rightly informed, this limitation sets up a rather absurd competition among the political clubs, for it seems that the club which first asks for permission to hold a public meeting will presumably get a monopoly for that term. Other rules have been formulated by the Vice-Chancellor, one of which is that any club promoting protests in the Press against this ruling will be finally suppressed. In fact, we are told that the Labor Club has already been forbidden to hold its annual dinner, on the ground of a report in the "Daily Herald." All this action seems to us extremely dubious. It would not be possible for a University to allow its students to become absorbed in politics; but though undergraduates are not schoolboys, the Vice-Chancellor goes near to forbidding them the right of political thought. This is not exactly the time to draw the reins on young men's minds tighter even than traditional ideas of University government allowed.

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We shall publish next week Mr. Felix Morley's concluding article on "Unemployment in Germany," which deals with the development of public works. Next week we shall also conclude Mr. Shaw's articles on the Conference at Washington with a deeply interesting survey of the true character and causes of modern war. The week after next we shall publish the first of a series of articles by Mr. Bertrand Russell, entitled "Sketches of Modern China."

Politics and Affairs.

A TRIUMPH OF OPEN DIPLOMACY.

For the bold management of an international conference there has been nothing in diplomatic history to compare with the opening move of Mr. Hughes at Washington. If he had wanted to point the contrast between his own technique and that of the Big Four at Paris, he could hardly have done it better. At Paris nothing whatever happened in public save the babbling of platitudes; the whole work was done in secret by the select few, and the world lived on rumor up to the degraded end. At Washington Mr. Hughes has frankly adopted Parliamentary methods. He has opened at the very first sitting with a precise programme. He has set a standard. He has keyed up expectation to a measurable pitch. Every man among the delegates, however negative and conventional his mind may be, will feel that the world will point at him, at his delegation, at his Government and at his country, as the foes of peace if less should emerge from the Conference than the naval reductions which Mr. Hughes has proposed. The tactics are extremely simple; they are, indeed, the natural tactics of every popular leader. At one stroke Mr. Hughes has won public opinion to his side, not merely in Washington and in the States, but in the world at large and especially in England. At their peril will the other statesmen disappoint the expectations he has raised. If Mr. Wilson had been able to act in this way at Paris, he might have imposed his ideas and saved his Fourteen Points.

From the standpoint of popular leadership Mr. Hughes was certainly wise to open with the question of naval reductions. It has the drive of popular feeling behind it, partly pacifist, partly economist, and in both cases helpful. To see the danger of competitive building removed, and to feel the benefits in its bill for taxes, is what the public wants. Moreover, in this matter alone does success or failure admit of measurement which everyone can apply, measurement in precise figures. At the same time, every thoughtful student of affairs realizes, as Mr. Hughes doubtless does himself, that he has inverted the logical order of procedure. Armaments depend on policy, yet here is a proposal to reduce and stabilize naval building which Governments must for very shame accept, at least in principle, before any issue of policy has been raised. Three such issues are manifestly decisive: the economic exploitation of China and Siberia, the renewal or abolition of the Japanese Alliance, and the definition of the freedom of the seas. Can any one of the Far Eastern Powers really decide whether it will stop competitive building unless it knows what the course is going to be in China during the next ten years? Will Japan go on acquiring spheres of influence and building up a kind of protectorate over a distracted China? Will British and American financial groups repeat the performances of the Cassel and Shanks syndicates, which used the needs of the Chinese rivals in the civil war to compete for monopoly in exploiting the province of Kwantung? Will British diplomacy still feel itself bound by an alliance to give Japan at least moral support in her encroachments? Will our refusal to consider the freedom of the seas still cause whole continents to tremble at the spectre of famine, when we discuss the numbers of our commerce destroyers and all the other instruments of blockade? Manifestly, there is something unreal in debating the size of navies while these questions are still open.

There are two inconveniences in Mr. Hughes's otherwise brilliant strategy. Firstly he exposes himself

to the risk that he may have to make large concessions in other matters in the effort to carry his naval programme. One pictures the other delegates reflecting thus: "Now we know exactly what our American friend wants. He must achieve this, or go to his party public and admit that he can manage conferences no better than Mr. Wilson. Very well, he shall have it, but he shall pay the price when we come to the details of the Chinese settlement." This is exactly what happened at Paris. Mr. Wilson was induced to think that nothing mattered but his League of Nations. The result was that all the Allies blackmailed him. He had to fling passenger after passenger from his sledge to the pursuing wolves, and though he saved his darling child the infant came out of the terrifying experience with shattered nerves and impoverished blood. Mr. Hughes will have hard work to avoid the same danger. In the second place, by announcing his programme of reductions without reference to policy, Mr. Hughes is obliged to make it moderate. It is a programme for average weather—a rather light load for the world to carry if there are going to be squalls, an absurdly heavy load if the seas are smooth and the glass set fair.

We are far from minimizing the effect, especially the financial effect, of his very considerable reductions. But assume that agreement is reached on the political and economic issues of the Far East. Let us suppose, for example, that Japan agrees to quit Siberia and Shantung. Let us imagine that the Powers avoid future competition for railway building by forming a syndicate to build all future railways on a neutral, international plan. That ends the scramble for spheres of influence. Again, let us suppose that Japan's hunger for coal and iron, the only means by which she can solve her problem of population, were to be satisfied by a scheme for rationing the exportable surplus of Far Eastern raw materials. That would assure her industrial future and remove the temptation to conquest. To complete the sanguine picture, imagine Mr. Balfour giving way by adopting Mr. Wilson's doctrine of the freedom of the seas and scrapping the Japanese Alliance. If this, or even much of this, or some equally effective alternative plan could be realized at Washington, we should all be asking what on earth was the purpose of these 22 and 18 and 10 battleships. Defensive? But against whom? Aggressive? But for what end? At present no clear-headed thinker can say that navies are without a purpose. They exist to attain certain concrete ends, very largely in the Far East, or to prevent others realizing their ends. But if each of us had got what in substance we want in the Far East, and none of us feared the others, why in the name of sanity should we incur this reduced but still heavy expenditure? Competitive building, when you do not trust your rivals, may be gross and suicidal waste, but it is intelligible waste. Agreed building, when you do trust your partners, is also waste, but it seems peculiarly meaningless waste. For consider that capital ships are of no use save to fight other capital ships, and, further, that only three Powers, the big three at Washington, have any number of capital ships that count. Why have 22, 18, and 10 unless you may one day be at war? Why have few ships, if war is really a living possibility? It is a teasing dilemma. Let us hope that it may lead us to scrap all our capital ships by common accord before the ten years are out.

The enthusiasm for Mr. Hughes's programme runs high. We do not wish to seem ungracious by insisting that the work of peace is only beginning, so long as capital ships survive, so long as a blockade can be declared by any Power less universal than a world-league, so long, finally, as America, Germany, and Russia

remain outside that League. Even then the whole question of land armaments remains untouched. Nor do we concede that these are academic issues which may safely be left to time. As yet, comparatively few people in England realize that our economic crisis is more than an unusually acute cyclical depression. When at length it is generally understood that the decline of our foreign trade imperils our food supply and confronts us with the question whether we shall long have the means to buy abroad our food for 260 days in the year, the two halves of our nation will react somewhat differently to the danger. Some of us will try to restore the free market, especially the Continental market, and, above all, the Russian market. Others, thinking more slowly, but acting promptly when they see the need, will try to ensure our future by the usual expedients of economic Imperialism—the sphere of influence, the closed market, the Colonial preserve—and they may turn, above all, to China.

When that day comes the achievements and omissions of Washington will matter profoundly. The world's peace will depend on the solution it reaches, or shirks, of the problem of penetration, and on the ending, or survival, of the Japanese Alliance. That is why the continued existence of the capital ship seems to us a dangerous enigma. But we join in the general congratulations to Mr. Hughes. The mere financial gain is inestimable, for it will ease all our other anxieties, as to foreign debt, the provision for the unemployed, and the survival of education. It is even thinkable that some of the cost of the new battleships might be diverted to saving our essential market and granary in Russia. Even when one recollects that competition may still continue in gunnery and new inventions, the immense gain to peace is that competition in building will stop. Armaments are not the cause of war, but the passion, the jealousy, the fear engendered in the course of competition over building, suffice in themselves to make the psychology of war. We do not believe that war would be possible over so sordid a question as which syndicate of financiers should exploit Kwantung. But such a question—nay, even a much smaller question of the kind—might readily lead to war, if the minds of both peoples on the Atlantic shores had been heated into suspicion and fear by such a chapter of naval rivalry as preceded the Great War. America has made her gesture with candor and largeness of mind. With resources that would enable her to outbuild us hopelessly in a very few years she has offered us the status of equality at sea. Only a dead tradition will rebel. The course is set, if we will meet her in Far Eastern questions, towards enduring and unshakable friendship.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO IRISH PEACE.

THOSE who like to study the striking turns and changes of politics will note with interest one illuminating fact about the Irish situation. Twenty years ago the most telling argument in the mouths of the opponents of Home Rule was the argument that it would put the Empire in peril. To-day that is precisely the plea by which the Tory leaders are seeking to persuade their party to accept the policy of negotiation. Of the strange chapter that has led to this conclusion this is not the time to speak. Of one thing no reasonable person can doubt. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Lord Chancellor are sincere and correct in their judgment. Time after time we could have settled the Irish question if we had taken the large, bold, and imaginative view. We failed, and failure meant loss and weakness, both in reputation and power. To-day failure would mean something more than

loss and weakness in reputation and power. For every Empire an hour strikes when it must either settle some great problem or leave that problem to the direction of forces it cannot control. When that crisis came, we took the wrong turn in America, the right turn in Canada. We are at such a crisis now, and the wrong turn would mean a catastrophe far graver than the loss of the American colonies, for the Irish problem is not merely the problem of adjusting the relations of England and Ireland; it is the problem of adjusting the relations of men and women living side by side in England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand; it is the problem also of adjusting the relations of the British Commonwealth and the world. Peace outside and inside the British Empire depends on the choice we make to-day.

For what is the Die-Hard alternative to peace? If we can imagine a Government made up of men like Colonel Gretton and Major Archer-Shee, what policy would they pursue? They would enter on a war with Ireland, of which the immediate consequence would be bankruptcy, and the ultimate consequence the break-up of the British Empire. They would launch a nation, with an income tax of 6s. in the £ and a debt of nearly eight hundred thousand millions, into a war like the South African War. No doubt they would find some soldiers who would tell them that such a war would be a simple operation, lasting not more than twelve months; you can always find such a soldier when you want him. They would call it restoring order. That was how the Austrians conceived their quarrel with Serbia. And what would be the reactions on our policy and our position all over the world? We should cease to count as a first-class Power, for we should be the most vulnerable Power in Europe. We should forfeit all moral authority in the League of Nations or in the discussion of projects of disarmament and reconciliation. India and Egypt would be thrown into the arms of violent and extreme parties, and the religious quarrel that is the curse of Ireland would spread to the Colonies and to this island, where Englishmen and Scotsmen and Irishmen would fly at each other's throat like Guelph and Ghibelline in a medieval Italian city.

The unhappy history of our relations with Ireland can be summarized in a single sentence. We have always subordinated our Irish policy to the fears or the interests or the ambitions of an Irish minority. In the eighteenth century we farmed out to a faction the government of Ireland, as Burke put it, for a peppercorn rent. One Irish problem after another has been solved, as we have slowly and painfully released it from this knot. The privileges of the Church, the privileges of the landlords, have disappeared. To-day there is only one obstacle to Irish peace, and that is the jealousy with which the Orange majority in four counties cling to their privileges. They hope to persuade Englishmen that those privileges are rights which they cannot surrender without risk to their liberties or their self-respect. They think that they can excite a sectarian sympathy that will blind men and women to the truth, and that they will work up in this island the same wild fury that makes Orangemen see red or yellow whenever they think of William the Third and the Battle of the Boyne. They hope to enlist the chivalry of Englishmen and to mobilize against the policy of peace all the indignation and panic that can be excited by the spectacle of a British minority in danger, betrayed and deserted by the British Empire. The emotions to which Palmerston appealed as a champion of the rights of the Briton, and to which Gladstone appealed as the champion of the rights of the Christian,

are to be combined in a great crusade for the sacred rights of the Orangemen, facing, without a friend, a Catholic tyranny, and a rebel power. Above all, the promises made by British statesmen are to be stiffened into a rigid and comprehensive formula which would mean that over six counties of Ulster the only writ that would run would be the fiat of the Orange Council.

What is the proposal that is thus attacked? It is not a proposal to deprive the Orangemen of their Parliament. On the contrary, Sinn Fein is prepared to leave the Orangemen with control of their justice, their education, their police. No community of this size in the British Empire will have such powers. The Orangeman in Belfast will have fuller self-government than the Yorkshireman in Leeds or the Lancastrian in Manchester. The Government propose to leave this Orange Parliament, but to set up an All-Ireland Parliament which will exercise for Ireland the extra powers proposed to be given to her under the settlement. The Orangemen might well reply that they wish to see what arrangements can be made to secure their special interests, on the ground, mistaken as we think it, that their interests may disagree with those of the rest of Ireland. There is little doubt that ample guarantees would be forthcoming, for Sinn Fein has repeatedly said that concessions could and would be made to reassure the business interests of Ulster.

The Sinn Fein Convention in 1914 proposed such a method, and no insuperable difficulty would arise if once the Orangemen would consent to take their place in the Irish State. But they decline to consider the proposal, and they have intimated to the Government that it must be withdrawn before they will hold any conversations. It is much as if the English on the Rand had said in 1906 that they were entitled to veto the grant of responsible government to the Transvaal. That same spirit was displayed in Canada in 1850, when the British ascendancy party burnt down the House of Parliament at Montreal because the Canadian Parliament, in which the French-Canadians predominated, had passed an Act which that party regarded as condoning rebellion. Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, and the British Government at home, refused to compromise with a spirit that would have been fatal to British influence in Canada, and the crisis passed. So with the Orangemen. Their real claim is not for security but for ascendancy: they cannot bear to acknowledge that an Orangeman is no more before the law than an Irishman of the South. In an Empire which lives on the principle of equality between its white races, they stand for the opposite principle, which would stamp one race as master. This claim they pit against the desire of most Irishmen of all classes and creeds for unity, and the desire of the British Empire for peace.

THE LIMITATION CONFERENCE.

II.—AFTER YOU, SIR.

By BERNARD SHAW.

"Disarmament is the only road to safety."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE at the Guildhall, November 9th, 1921.

DISARMAMENT is such a popular cry when the Cease Fire has sounded, and the period of glory is succeeded by the period of paying for it, that the United States Government, greatly to its credit, has asked the public to stop that nonsense and make up its mind to expect nothing more than a limitation of armaments. Yet I see in every newspaper the heading Disarmament Conference, and in all the editorial columns the old pieties about peace and goodwill and beating machine-guns into ploughshares and so forth. People find these pieties necessary to their souls. Before the war, when I met the disarmament agitation by saying "Don't disarm: treble your armament: you may need it presently," people said "There you go again, contradicting everyone! Standing on your head as usual." In November, 1914, when in my "Common Sense About the War," that intolerant document which afterwards turned out to be so exasperatingly right in every detail, I said "After this, nobody is going to disarm," the very people who were then clamoring very wisely for "Above all, more shells," looked sourly at me as who should say "Why can't you hold your tongue?" Arming is one of the things you should do without saying anything about it; and if you ask a gentleman why he has a magazine rifle slung across his back and a Lewis gun under his arm, he feels bound to answer cheerfully "Oh, I thought I might put up a covey of partridges in Jones's field; and it's always well to be prepared." When Bismarck said that Balance of Power questions have to be settled, not by an interchange of Christmas texts, but by blood and iron, he was stating the simplest and most obvious of facts; but he made a very unpleasant impression, which the rest of us avoided by declaring that war with Germany was unthinkable. This was quite true: all wars are unthinkable; but they occur nevertheless. The moment they become thinkable,

we shall begin to think about them; and then they will not occur. Therefore, the announcement that a war between the United States and the British Empire is unthinkable is so alarming that I am doing my best to rescue it from that dangerous category; for it certainly will not bear thinking about, though it will bear ten Washington Conferences quite easily.

The notion that disarmament can put a stop to war is contradicted by the nearest dog fight. The story of Cain and Abel has been questioned by many honest Bible smashers, but never on the ground that Cain had no armament. Nelson never saw an armor plate nor Napoleon a magazine rifle; but they got through a good deal of fighting without them. If Georges Carpentier were carrying a cane, and were attacked by a rash bystander, he would promptly throw away the cane and defend himself with his fists. It is the man who fights, not the weapon. Also the woman.

That elementary point being settled, we may now come to the question it suggests, which is, does disarmament then matter? If men are determined to fight, had they not better do it scientifically, with poison gas, than batter and tear one another to death like wild beasts? There is nothing so horrible to see as a fight between men who do not know how to fight; and this is as true of savage and civilized warfare as it is of a street fight and a boxing match for the heavy-weight championship. There is therefore no more likelihood of the great fighting Powers consenting to a limitation of destructive methods at Washington now than at the Hague before the war. There is no reason why they should. The introduction of poison gas in Flanders by the Germans was not more slaughterous in effect, nor fiendish in its departure from the previous usages of civilized warfare, than the substitution of plebeian British bowmen on foot for charging knights and gentlemen on horseback at Poitiers and Crecy and Agincourt. Indeed the impression of an utterly ungentlemanly departure from the

traditions of chivalry was far greater. The French, slain in incredible thousands by hundreds of mere yeomen, had at least the satisfaction of despising the English Kings as unspeakable cads whose spurs should have been torn from their heels by all the heralds of Christendom. But their protests made no difference. War was the sport of kings; but it was also business; and business is always business. In war you are out to kill and to avoid being killed; and it is idle to suppose that any method of doing either will not be exploited to the utmost. When you have made it possible to say of a huge country, as was said of Poland in the late war, that there is no child under seven years of age left alive in it, you are not likely to feel very sentimental about laying out a hardy soldier with mustard gas. There is not the slightest chance of any limitation of armaments in that sense being agreed to at Washington; and if it were, the covenant would be broken in the next war so entirely as a matter of course that the first combatant to tear it up would not dream of even apologizing. And so no more time need be wasted on that part of the problem.

In spite of all this, I do not see why the Conference should not agree to disarmament and limitation on a scale that will surprise and delight all the gentle and innocent souls in the world. Why, for instance, should not the United States, the British Empire, and Japan embrace Mr. Hughes's proposal by agreeing to build no more battle-ships: nay, even to sink those they already have? That would be a magnificent gesture, and a most popular one. I shall not be at all surprised if it actually takes place. And the conclusion I shall draw is that battle-ships are as obsolete as Henry the Eighth's Royal Harry, and that the submarine and the battle-plane are what the Admiralties will fight with in future. Further, what would war be without its whiskered Pandours and its fierce hussars? Well, in spite of Lord Haig, the Powers may offer to abolish the fierce hussars. The reduction of all the cavalry establishments of the great Powers would seem a Sovereign Mercy. But the initiated would only wink, and whisper "The war-horse is obsolete: they are going in for tanks."

In truth, if the Powers had learned the lesson of the last war (they never do until it is hammered explosively into their unfortunate armies by the bitter experience of the next war) they might go a great deal further than advertising a parade of the scrapping of obsolete weapons as Christian disarmament. They might abolish conscription and reduce all their armies to the dimensions of the little British professional army of 1913 without running any real risk of defeat and subjugation. For the military lesson of 1914-18 was that armies can be improvised on any desired scale from the civil population at the first tap of the drum. And the psychological lesson was that no country ever really prepares for war in time of peace any more than any man ever prepares for death whilst he is in robust health. When France attacked Germany in 1870 the military authorities assured Napoleon III. that his army was ready "to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters." As it turned out, it was ready for nothing but the annihilation that presently befell it. When Germany attacked France in 1914, it had persuaded Europe as well as itself (and the tradition still lingers) that its military machine needed only a touch of the Kaiser's hand to start for Paris and arrive there in a fortnight with irresistible perfection of mechanism. If it had been so prepared, Germany would have won the war. What actually happened was that Germany lost ten days by attacking Liège with regiments at peace strength and no siege guns.

Though the imagination of her enemies saw German spies everywhere, and her wonderfully organized intelligence department was the bogey of the alarmist Press, she knew so much less than, for example, I did, that she was held up for weeks before Antwerp by forces she could have swept away in ten minutes. And when at last her renowned Staff generals were induced to realize, to the extent of allowing poison gas to be used, that they were no longer living in 1870, they were so unprepared to take advantage of the gap it made in our line that they advanced only about five miles. And yet the Germans are far more capable of military preparation than any other nation in the world, because, as the traditions of their more recent serfdom are still upon them, they are better organized and better disciplined.

The British, though they made as great a mess of the new tanks as the Germans did of the new gas, were apparently much better prepared; but even their preparation will not bear close scrutiny. Thanks to Lord Haldane, their expeditionary force, which was all they had bargained for by land, was transported to Belgium and delivered without a casualty, as promised seven years before. Mr. Winston Churchill was able to show that the Navy went into the war with five years' accumulation of munitions and stores. Lord French had for years been studying the terrain on which he was to fight; but the fruits of his study were not very striking: he retired in favor of a less carefully prepared general. And we now know, on the authority of our own naval commanders, that so many ships were unmanned and under repair for unseaworthiness in 1914 that if the German Fleet had dared to attack at once, we should have been Trafalgared, just as the Germans could have got through at the first battle of Ypres "if they had only known."

Then consider the French. They can hardly plead that they were taken by surprise after agitating all Europe by their extension of military service to three years. Nobody who before the war passed any time in Toul and thereabouts, as I did, could doubt for a moment that the French army was being drilled on the assumption that war might come at any moment. But Joffre himself admitted, in the teeth of the patriotic French public, that the rout from Maubeuge to Compiègne before Von Kluck was disgraceful and inexcusable. It must have meant that there had been no real preparation, no plan, no brains. And yet these three Powers, in their mortal dread of one another, were each persuaded that the other had its war material up to date, its plan of conquest thought out to the final victorious march through the streets of the enemy's capital, and its men ready for mobilization in overwhelming force and at full war strength, for The Day. I do not exaggerate more than is necessary in dealing with the thickness of some of the heads into which I have to drive the truth when I say that if nobody in Europe had ever given ten minutes' consideration to the strategy of the war before it began, there would not have been twopennorth of difference in the sequel.

The first precept that is dinned into a military student is that he must always act on the assumption that his enemy is fully prepared. If ever I take to the military life I shall proceed on the precisely opposite assumption; and, unless the opposing commander is equally intelligent and original, I shall sweep all before me like Cæsar and Alexander. I once asked a very distinguished military authority how far the strategy of the late war was ahead of the actual operations. He replied "Half a kilometre ahead of the front line." The public idolizes a general almost as wildly as it idolizes

a detective; but the generals themselves know better. Every general believes that the war in which he commands will be exactly like the war in which he fought as a young company officer from thirty to fifty years before. In 1914 the British commanders believed that the war in Flanders would be like the South African war; and the German General Staff thought it would be like the Franco-Prussian War. The French generals, having been beaten last time, did not think at all, with very similar results. They were all sure that tanks were no use and that cavalry was indispensable. They all aimed at enveloping the other fellow, and at avoiding being enveloped by him. And nothing came of any of their anticipations. They drove their enemies headlong before them, and were presently driven headlong before their enemies. They very nearly won and very nearly lost over and over again; and they would have been fighting to this day if America and the blockade had not forced the Germans to capitulate immediately after they had all but driven the Fifth Army into the sea and frightened the British Government into declaring conscription in Ireland and madly tearing all the remaining ploughmen from their furrows, after which Lord Haig resumed the offensive as victoriously as if the British army had never been at a loss for a moment.

What is the moral of all this? Simply that the disarmament items in the agenda of the Conference do not matter a scrap. If the Powers have any sense or any capacity for learning from experience, they will spare their taxpayers by disbanding their armies; countermanding their orders for battle-ships; and singing peace on earth and goodwill towards men at the top of their voices. Their submarines and airships will all be commercial ones: their explosive factories will be mere dye works: their gas plants will provide chemicals for ordinary industrial purposes: the working drawings of the latest magazine rifle will hide securely in a pigeon-hole. And the next war will be just as likely to occur and be much the same when it does occur as if all the Powers were visibly armed to the teeth. It will drag all the big Powers into it as the last war did. Nothing could have seemed fairer in 1914 than the Kaiser's demand for a square fight with Russia when the Tsar would not let Austria avenge the assassination at Sarajevo. But the other Powers believed that if they stood by and kept the ring for the Kaiser he would beat Russia and become too big for the Balance of Power. He was caught between their refusal to promise not to attack him in the rear and Russia's mobilization. In vain General von Bernhardi warned him not to give them a chance at him until he had both America and Turkey on his side. Events would not wait for that combination. He was at bay; and he dashed at the French section of the ring, and dragged all the rest into the fight: Britain, Japan, Italy, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, finally the United States. Thus at bottom Germany was smashed because France and England were afraid of her; and now France is more afraid of her than ever; and England is afraid to let France give her the *coup de grâce*.

Unfortunately, now that the problem of the Balance of Power has proved insoluble in Europe, it has risen more pressingly than ever round the Pacific. Face that situation, and face the fact that disarmament would be illusory even if the Powers could be induced to disarm, and, unless you are a war profiteer, you will feel extremely gloomy, and will wonder whether in my next and final article I shall be able to point out any road along which we can flee from the wrath to come. But on all such roads it is possible to charge in the opposite direction; and I can promise nothing beyond another unheeded cry in the wilderness.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I SUPPOSE we have got to the crisis, much in the same way in which a man drawn into the full current of a great river can be said to have "got to" the falls in which it ends. I don't see shipwreck at Liverpool. The rally of the Moderates is much too strong; as long as Churchill and Birkenhead stand firm, their array of personalities, in comparison with Mr. Law's skimpy figure, is overwhelming; and the waters run too deep and too fast for the Die-Hards' cock-boat to sport in. And Ulster has done it once too often. She showed in 1914 that she recked naught of the Empire; but her selfishness wears a different hue with seven sombre years as its background, and a still darker passage of time and fate to negotiate. If I were of their party I should take Sir Archibald Salvidge's warning pretty closely to heart. He is one of the shrewdest heads in Toryism. Spite of a revolting Association here and there, he knows where the average political thought of his quality stands, and what anxieties lie beneath its surface.

THE Government therefore will win. But that is not to say that the Coalition will attain more than a temporary reprieve, still less that it can vanquish the resolve of the Tory Party to govern England once more *alone*. At present the revolvers are an undistinguished crowd. They possess neither leaders, nor knowledge, nor ideas. The tremendous urge of events is far, far beyond them; but they see a chance of salving their petty conceptions of politics, and they will push stolidly on to that end. The Prime Minister's answer to that movement can be foreseen. He will proclaim a creed of liberalism, of European appeasement, probably of free commerce, subject to an international economic agreement—a kind of after-war Wilsonism. By that act he will put everybody, Liberals, Labor men, free Conservatives, central Conservatives, in a quandary approaching to distraction. But he will have said the thing that the majority of the British people wish him to say, even if they may also wish that somebody else would do it.

AN agreed election, I suspect, is off, if only because the Labor Party are certain to veto it. They have their fighting plan and will adhere to it. They will not take Ireland as a sole electoral topic; they won't concert with the Liberals because they expect to win on the strategy of the three-cornered election, which may yield them a number of minority victories; and they, like the Tories, have the ambition to govern England. In fact we are back in that phase of Victorian politics which Lady Gwendolen Cecil describes so ably in her life of Lord Salisbury. Another great wave of political energy has spent itself as did the Whig movement after 1832; the succeeding mass has not acquired the needed volume and momentum. Probably the King will have to choose a Cabinet of Talents, the Labor Party standing outside and forcing the pace, like the Radicals of the mid-Victorian Parliaments. But the essential force will be—a form of liberalism.

A GREAT change of opinion has undoubtedly come over this country since the news of the Angora agreement. Up to that point the average feeling here was anti-Greek, for the Greek army was thought to have gone too far, and to be threatening the Turkish homeland. The Greeks' answer was that in effect they had done nothing which they had not been asked to do by the Allies, or which it was not necessary for them to do in

order to safeguard their military position. Be that as it may, the whole situation in Asia Minor has been changed by the cynical French plan of retiring from Cilicia and abandoning to their fate the Christian minorities they had sworn to protect. Now if the Greeks are to abandon Smyrna, the same fate threatens the Christians, left to the tender mercies of Kemal's levies. The Greeks protest, and they point too to the record of their administration in Smyrna in proof of what an enlightened Government can do. Certainly it is a very fine one. Since August, 1920, when they took control, the Greeks claim that they have organized a successful war on cholera, plague, small-pox, exanthematous fever, malaria, and other plagues of Smyrna and the valleys of the Hermus; that they have bought thousands of ploughs, revived agriculture, staffed hundreds of Ottoman schools, respecting religious and educational freedom, and established a progressive culture, in which all the inhabitants share. As a test they ask: How does the plight of the Turkish populations in Angora compare with the condition of those under Greek administration? And that question has to be answered before England falls in with M. Franklin-Bouillon's plans.

I SUPPOSE one must take for granted Lady Gwendolen Cecil's remark that there is no evidence that Lord Salisbury ever wrote for a daily paper, in addition to his association with the "Saturday Review" and the "Quarterly Review." But I recall with diffidence a description to me by Mr. Charles Williams, the war correspondent, of Lord Robert Cecil coming into one of the editorial rooms of the "Standard" and sitting down to write. The visit might have been a casual one; but my impression was that Mr. Williams regarded Lord Robert as a writer on the staff.

As for the book, it is a wonder. I have heard it coupled with Lady Burne-Jones's life of her husband, as proof that women can be biographers with the best of the men; but Lady Gwendolen's feat is a double one. She has made a woman's intimate study of a man she loved, and she has let the panorama of nineteenth-century politics pass and repass before her eyes until its form and content have become thoroughly familiar to her. So subtle and complete is this penetration that one almost has the illusion of Lord Salisbury himself speaking and making his apology. Yet the workmanship is never mechanical. The book is alive with personality, and is also quite dignified.

I HAD great curiosity to see how Lady Gwendolen would solve the moral problem presented by Lord Salisbury's denial of the existence of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum, or at least of the truth of the publication in the "Globe." Lord Salisbury then said that the publication was "wholly unauthentic and not deserving of the confidence of your lordships' House." The "Globe's" version of the agreement contained one inaccuracy, but Lady Gwendolen does not deny that Lord Salisbury's intention was to throw doubt on the whole publication. One is struck by the lapse of sense in so cool a thinker as Lord Salisbury, for ultimate disclosure had become inevitable, and denial could only purchase a brief delay. But what of the moral question? Lady Gwendolen's answer is that this was an instance of divided duty—a conflict between truth and honor, and that Lord Salisbury gave honor the preference. I should have thought that honor might have been left out of the cynical chaffering of Berlin. But it appears to have

been presumed to exist among the barterers, who (as far as Gortchakoff and Ignatieff were concerned) repeatedly violated it. But it is interesting to see that what one may call Lord Salisbury's candor of the soul did not desert him. He heard, says Lady Gwendolen, that one of his acquaintances had announced that under no circumstances would he think it right to say what was not true. His comment was: "I am glad that I have been warned—I shall be careful never to trust him with a secret."

OUR political troubles, grave as they are, shape slightly in contrast with the coming catastrophe in Germany. Like most things that happen in this after-war world, it has an unnecessary, an avoidable, character. Germany is not bankrupt in fact; but she is going bankrupt because she cannot pay her debts in a commodity which she hasn't got and cannot get in the required quantities. There is not gold enough for her needs, and if there were, foreign bankers would not let her have it for a purpose which cannot restore her credit, but destroys it. So its price is prohibitive. And all the while that lying French stories are spread about as to the measure of her wealth (from which every French-made act of policy, such as the Silesian decision, takes something away), the distress caused by the fall of her currency increases. Take the pinching of the middle and professional classes. Here is an example which came to my door as I write these lines. The brother of a German professor paid a visit to him at a famous University where he has taught English literature for a generation. He had an annual salary of 50,000 marks. This was worth £50 a year. So poor was he that his three children were without boots and went to school barefoot. I came across a similar instance of the impoverishment of German culture during a recent visit to the Rhineland. Yet the country, the flower of whose citizens endures such hardships as the result of the fall of the mark, is supposed to be promoting them for a political end.

HERE is a practical comment on the report of the Departmental Committee on the teaching of English in our schools. It is extracted from letters actually written by soldiers' wives to regimental paymasters regarding arrears of pay and allowances. All of them, I understand, are genuine:—

"I have not received no pay since my husband has gone away, from Nowhere."

"My Husband has been away from the Crystal Palace and got four days furlong, and has now gone away to mind sweepers."

"We have received your letter. I am his Grandfather and his Grandmother. He was born in this house and brought up in answer to your letter."

"In accordance with instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to a daughter on April 1st."

"My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon shall I get any more money."

"Unless I receive my husband's money as soon as possible, I shall be compelled to lead an immortal life."

"Just a few lines owing to your delay in sending my money we have not a morsel of food in the house. Hoping you are the same."

"If you do not come at once I shall have to send for another."

"I enclose certificate and six children. There were seven, but one died you only send six her name was Fanny she was baptized on half a sheet of paper by the Reverend Thomas and oblige."

"Please send my extra money as baby is a bottled baby."

A WAYFABER.

Life and Letters.

A GENERAL ON HIS BUSINESS.

IF, as we believe, the military mind is sometimes given to thinking, Sir Ian Hamilton's new book, "The Soul and Body of an Army" (Edward Arnold), will supply plenty of occupation for those occasions. Being written in an entirely different style from the Drill Book, it may be a difficult book for the military mind to understand. It goes at full gallop, dashing along over wit and jokes, taking personal memories and personal criticisms in its stride, and not paying much attention to apparent contradictions and obscurities so long as it gets there. It goes with a sense of fun and eagerness, like a jolly horse which enjoys the steeplechase for its own sake. One feels the exhilarated nature behind it, as in all Sir Ian's work, whether in books or on the field. One felt it even in the "Gallipoli Diary," in spite of the tragic theme. It is the expression of a sanguine and buoyant spirit which no reasoning could depress for long.

As in another recent book, called "The Millennium?" one recognizes here, too, a conflict between reason and the instinctive nature. Reason comes saying, "War is the most appalling infliction that befalls mankind. Let us above all things seek peace and ensue it!" Sir Ian solemnly agrees, and all the time his heart's blood is calling out: "The Army! The Army! The Army in which my fathers fought; in which I have lived and worked for fifty years! What a life is there! What abundance of peril and felicity! What variety of blessed hardship! What knowledge of the world! What versatility and fulfilment of one's powers! What service to an unselfish cause!" So the inward controversy goes on, never to be reconciled either in this Celtic nature or in many another who has known war and the army from youth up. Hate war and love the army—it is neither difficult nor rare. Hate war and love it too—that also is not impossible. *Odi et amo!* The Roman poet knew what that meant even in the case of a woman, and it tortured his heart.

As we said, there are many points in the book to occupy the military mind, and in these days they must occupy the civilian mind as well. With characteristic humor Sir Ian calls his first chapter "Strangers Yet!" implying that the British people still know nothing about the army. But as a matter of fact there are some four million men surviving in these islands who, one way or another, have learnt a good deal about that army during the last seven years, and there are almost as many women who retain keen memories upon the subject, to say nothing of the millions of young who are listening to what their fathers tell them. All these millions may not understand much about the functions of a General Staff or the difference between the executive and administrative branches of the service (as to which Sir Ian can open their eyes very wide!), but their interest in the subject remains very personal, and often very poignant. So the questions of burning controversy which Sir Ian raises in almost every chapter will come home to their bosoms, if not to their business, and we may mention a few of those questions, almost at random.

Here is, for instance, what he writes of Lord Haldane, whom the screams of howling "patriots" drove from public life at the beginning of the war:—

"The war was won when Haldane stepped into the War Office: most miserably must we have lost it had he failed us."

"Luckily for England, Haldane's cranium was Von Roon-shaped. England didn't deserve Haldane. England deserved an orator, a politician, a rich nobleman, or perhaps even a 'business' man. Haldane saved England—though himself he could not save—by his philosophical and organizing instincts."

"Here is one of Haldane's principal claims to a statue, namely, that he created the self-sufficing, self-contained division which is the ark of the covenant of our Army. He alone did it. On his head he did it. Off his own bat he did it; lopping off excrescences, adding guns, sappers, signallers, field hospitals, and all A.S.C. administrative services."

No praise could be higher, and all who have been in close touch with the army since the Boer War know how well it is deserved; but Sir Ian is even bolder in his chapter on "Genius." As examples he quotes the quick discernment which perceived the necessity of delaying the German onset upon Antwerp even for a few days, and threw the Royal Naval Division into the breach ("Murder, my dear, sheer murder; the poor Marines were so young and raw, their bayonets were tied on to their belts with bits of string—imagine, my dear, *bits of string!*") and, string or no string, saved the Belgian Army and the Channel Ports. The quick discernment, again, which perceived the opportunity of closing the German sally-port by seizing Constantinople through the Dardanelles; and, later in the war, perceived the incalculable value of Tanks. Well, those perceptions are put down to Mr. Winston Churchill, and the two first are not usually put down to his credit.

Justice is also done (we think for the first time) to Sir Charles Douglas, "the best Adjutant-General we ever had at the War Office," who was suddenly made Chief of the Imperial General Staff, a post for which he had no training or capacity, and which broke his heart; justice also to Sir Archibald Murray, a particularly fine Chief of the Imperial General Staff, suddenly packed off to executive command: both mistakes apparently due to the ignorance of Cabinet Ministers that these functions require very different kinds of ability and training. And then (to keep for a moment to historic matters) Sir Ian has a shrewd hit at the Committee of Imperial Defence in regard to that cabal which did more than anything else to ruin the Dardanelles campaign:—

"The last act I know of the C.I.D. having perpetrated must, I think, have poisoned it. In the autumn of 1915 the C.I.D. paper was used to print, and the secretariat were used to circulate, certain well-timed slanders against British officers and rank and file fighting then at the Dardanelles. The slanders, I repeat, were printed in the C.I.D. best style."

There are many other points of controversy or personal interest, such as the maintenance of the Japanese alliance ("for otherwise nothing will stand between the English-speaking union and a Russo-Japanese-German counter-combine"); a demonstrated contradiction of the Drill-Book theories that the offensive is always the best strategy, and that the main army of the enemy should always be the first attacked; an insistence upon the uselessness of cavalry in European war (in contradiction to Lord Haig's recent claim for his own arm); a proposal that all nations should agree never to manufacture poison gas (alas! how vain is that hope!), and the account of Foch passing through a room full of British officers at Cologne, throwing the window open, gazing at the river as though he would drink it up with his eyes, stretching out his arms, and exclaiming in a voice that vibrated with emotion: "Le Rhin!"

But for the future? What does this old soldier, with his varied experience, dashing temperament, and youthful mind, say about it? No trammels of tradition or precedent check his imagination of an ideal for the next British army. He foresees an army of voluntary service (as is well known, he has always contended for a voluntary as against a conscript army in this country, because he has small belief in numbers, and none in the Briton's love of compulsion, old-fashioned discipline, and "duty"). This army should be made up of divisions consisting of two brigades, each brigade of four battalions, but the division not numbering more than some 6,000 men in all—"small enough to slip neatly into our ships like swords going home into their scabbards." Sir Ian does not underrate the value of loyalty to the regiment ("It is impossible for the foreigner to realize what that word means to a British soldier. The splendor, the greatness, the romance of this awe-inspiring creation!"). But all know that in the late war loyalty to the division counted almost as high. Discipline would be of the new, the individual, kind as contrasted with the old drill-sergeant type, which the trench warfare kept alive for the time, because in trenches an officer can retain his personal power of persuasion or threat. But, says Sir Ian, trench warfare is already dead, as dead as the cavalry which has been extinct, in a military sense, for twenty years, except perhaps for Asiatic war. And no one would doubt his word who has seen, as the present writer has seen, the finest picked cavalry of the British Army attempting to deploy on both sides of a main road, held up by trenches and wire, and then ordered to charge straight along the open road itself, and charging till, under the hail of machine guns, they lined and studded that road in dark heaps of men and horses for a week to come.

With the appearance of tanks and aeroplanes both trenches and cavalry have become obsolete, and Sir Ian sees the army of the immediate future supplied with tanks for each battalion, while over the head of each "portable" division flutter great fleets of aeroplanes, for "our future lies in the air," and "even now it is not too late to stop those four giant warships we are building, obsolete before they are begun, and to invest them in air bonds":—

"Next war, machines will no longer be denied, and wide encircling movements, followed by distant battles fought between comparatively small forces, will be the order of the world to come. No longer will the British Fleet sit like a hooded falcon upon Britannia's wrist. The old days will be revived, and the coast-line of the enemy, wherever it may be, Black Sea, Yellow Sea, Red Sea, will be our frontier."

All this panoply of ships, aeroplanes, tanks, infantry, sappers, and guns, Sir Ian demands should be placed under one, one only, Minister of Defence, so that the Ministerial labor may be not only simplified and organized, but actually reduced. It is a daring scheme for our preservation in future wars, though the element of a poison gas capable of slaying the population of all London in one night is "refused," as soldiers say. A trifling point also occurs to us. About seven years ago, we dimly remember being encouraged to fight by the promise that the war was to be the very last. But now! "Which sauce would you like to be eaten with?" asked Brer Fox, and Brer Rabbit replied that he wouldn't like to be eaten at all. Alas, poor Rabbit!

Letters to the Editor.

ULSTER.

SIR,—At a recent meeting addressed by Mr. Nevins, I asked if in the whole range of politics there was a worse cause than the coercion of Ulster in the name of Home Rule or Self-Government. Of course, I got no answer, and obviously none can be given. To be represented in a Parliament in which you are in a minority either is or is not a danger and a wrong. If it is not, the whole Nationalist or Sinn Fein case disappears. Ireland had no grievance in being represented (on much more than a population basis) in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. If it is, then why is Ulster not entitled to object? For instance, I take a sentence of your article, rewrite it verbatim, and make it apply to the relations of Britain and Ireland, instead of those between Sinn Fein Ireland and Ulster. No one can possibly gainsay that my application is as just as yours. "The representatives of the great majority of the country . . . decline the proposition that they should take over much the larger fraction of its territory (i.e., Britain) and leave the rest (i.e., Ireland or Sinn Fein Ireland) to a sullen and inveterate separation."

Suppose, sir, you and I had a difference. You said you would have my blood unless I gave you £1,000. I said I would have your blood if you tried to take £1,000 from me. We then both turn to a third party and say that if he will pay the £1,000 that will ease the situation and satisfy both parties, and on his demurring we both say our blood will be on his head, if we start shooting. That is exactly your attitude about Ulster. Why should Ulster be compelled to pull the chestnuts out of the fire either for Sinn Fein or even for Britain?

You will observe that I do not follow you in vilipending any section of the population of Britain or Ireland or the leaders or representatives of any political party. Sinn Fein and the British Government in negotiating with Sinn Fein may be angels of light. But I seek to raise the argument to a higher plane. I say you are up against a fundamental contradiction, and for that reason, and not because I am a skilful disputant, you may or may not print my letter, but you will not be able to answer me.

I have no personal interest in or connection with Ulster, and I have the same interest in the cause of peace as everyone else. If Ulster can see her way freely and voluntarily to accept the proposals made to her, I shall rejoice, but when she is assailed in the language of insult and menace, it is time to protest.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. MITCHELL.

7, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow.

November 15th, 1921.

[Mr. Mitchell's letter requires no answer from us. It answers itself. If it is not "a danger" or "a wrong" to be represented in a Parliament in which you are in a minority, where is the danger and the wrong in such a representation of Ulster (guarded as it will be by handsome guarantees and by the existence of a Parliament of her own) in an All-Ireland Parliament? That, and not the continuance of the old system of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament (which has gone for ever and by the consent of all parties, including Ulster), is the question at issue, and Mr. Mitchell's pretentious generalization disappears under the test. Ulster is not even to be forced to accept a position in which Mr. Mitchell discerns no grievance. But she must face the consequences of rejecting it.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

MR. ROBINSON'S POEMS.

SIR,—In your issue of November 12th, the reviewer of Mr. Untermyer's Anthology of "Modern American Poetry" says he should be grateful if anyone would tell him why Mr. Robinson's "Man against the Sky" is considered a good work. I hope, therefore, I may be permitted to give for his and your readers' benefit the following good reasons:—

1. This book contains, in the poem entitled "The Gift of God," the most wisely ironic and tender study of motherhood that I know of in contemporary poetry.

2 In "Cassandra" there is the most penetrative analysis of American failings—written from the inside, by an American—that America has yet achieved.

3. In "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," Mr. Robinson has given the most complete and comprehensive picture of Shakespeare, as he must have appeared in the period of his later tragedies, that has been drawn by any poet, either English or American.

4. Finally, in "The Man against the Sky" he has written a plea for faith far more impressive, austere, and ennobling, than Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

If these are not reasons enough for Mr. Robinson's eminence, let your reviewer mention any living English poet, except Hardy and Doughty, that has accomplished more than this. I, too, shall be grateful.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

WORDSWORTH AND MEREDITH.

SIR,—I have provoked Mr. Harvey's anger (see THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for October 29th) because I think a great deal less of Meredith as a poet than he does. But that is no reason why he should call my criticism "carping and ungenerous." I was engaged in reviewing a book which placed Wordsworth and Meredith on a level as poets, and I chose those poems which the author singled out as the very finest of Meredith's nature poetry, and tried to show that, so far from being great poetry, they were uncouth and mediocre verse. I note that Mr. Harvey himself does not defend the poems I criticized; yet they were selected by an enthusiastic Meredithian and a Professor of Literature. Mr. Harvey would make a different selection. I should be just as willing to criticize the *mièvre* commonplaceness of "Phœbus with Admetus":—

("Maidens clung in circle, on little fists their chins;
Gentle beasts through pushed a cold long nose")

or "The Nuptials of Attila," or anything else that Mr. Harvey has chosen, with the exception of "Dirge in Woods," which is the only successful poem of Meredith's I know.

Mr. Harvey thinks Meredith a fine poet; I do not. I give my reasons for my opinion. Mr. Harvey gives none for his, but imputes underlying motives to me. "The fact is . . . one may suspect . . ." I am impatient with Meredith's "reading of life." Certainly I think it a shallow one; but I was at the utmost pains to explain that a trivial philosophy does not prevent a man from writing good poetry: he may perfectly well feel more than he can formulate. But Meredith, in his poetry, formulated more than he felt.

Finally, Mr. Harvey is under the impression that I am a world-weary leader of a world-weary school of critics. As far as I know I am not a leader, and the school of critics does not exist. I cannot say whether I am world-weary; I hope and believe not. But I think it is a fact that a generation has arisen which is a little impatient of Meredith's poetic pretensions. Mr. Harvey must make his peace with it as best he can.—Yours, &c.,

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

SIR,—It is not for a mere tyro to defend the critical method of famous professors against the strictures of famous journalists; the writings of Dr. Herford and Professor Strong speak for themselves, no doubt. But Mr. Murry's article in your issue of October 8th seems to indicate that his own critical method is not without its limitations. "Meredith had the ear of an organ-grinder." No doubt his ear was sometimes—perhaps often—at fault, but I do not, myself, hear the grinding of a street instrument in his long series of remarkable metrical experiments, from the ambition of "Phœbus with Admetus" to the simplicity of "Dirge in Woods" or "Song in the Songless."

"The philosophy of Meredith's poetry does not interest us, because the emotions expressed in it are not exquisite." To discuss this astounding remark at length would require a volume, and Mr. Murry thinks such volumes miscon-

ceived. I will only ask whether Mr. Murry has read "A Faith on Trial." Certainly the emotion in that poem is not "exquisite," but I scarcely know where in English poetry to look for emotion of profounder human interest; and Meredith's creed is the life of it here.

It is possible that the professors take themselves, occasionally, somewhat too seriously; perhaps if the journalists would borrow a little from their excess the consequent self-discipline would control their pens, at times a little apt to run away with them. Their opinions would then be more valuable and not less interesting.—Yours, &c.,

S. SYDNEY SILVERMAN.

The University, Helsingfors, Finland.

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA.

SIR,—The attitude of the English Press towards the Japanese proposal on the Shantung question and the Chinese answer is very illuminating; it shows the average Englishman's knowledge about the East. He pats Japan on the back because he thinks he is behaving better and more like a nice little boy, and holds up an upbraiding finger towards China because he thinks he is obstinate like a spoilt child, and he does not consider that if one boy knocks down another and robs him of his sixpence, it is a poor compensation to give back one penny. But such has been the opinion of the Press. And I am sorry to see that even THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM proves no exception.

But the truth of the whole matter is that in the first place the Japanese proposal was a concession only in name and not in substance; that in the second place, even if Japan gave better terms, China could not "negotiate directly" with her about Shantung without committing herself to other important questions also; and that thirdly the Shantung question involves problems of international importance and cannot be settled by the two nations alone. Let me present the case briefly.

The so-called Shantung question can be reduced to two important issues, first the Kiaochau-Tsinan railway, and second, Tsingtao. For the railway and the mines within ten miles on either side of the line, Japan offers joint control. Fortunately or unfortunately, China has had some experience of joint control with Japan. It means the control of Japan as the active director with China as the sleeping partner. As China would have to borrow from Japan for acquiring her half-share of the railway, Japan would be, in fact, the owner as well as the controller. The consequence would be self-evident. The economic and commercial interests of the whole province would be under the Japanese control. And it does not need a student of war to see that with the South Manchurian Railway in the North and the Kiaochau-Tsinan Railway in the South, Japan would be holding, with a pair of pincers, Peking by its throat.

But the "concession" about Tsingtao is no better. Since the occupation of the town, the Japanese have increased ten times and more. To quote the words of Mr. Robert Young, the independent editor of the "China Chronicle," "Japan, in short, has made use of her four years at Tsingtao to create a position in Shantung that will be scarcely affected by the decision of the Peace Conference. Fiscal lands have been alienated or appropriated at nominal prices. Private interests have been encouraged at the expense of the general welfare. In short, Japan has obtained what is virtually complete control of the leased territory, and can be only expropriated at ruinous compensation." Since, as conditions of having Tsingtao, China must undertake to open Kiaochau as a port of trade and to respect the "vested rights of all foreigners," China would gain nothing but in name. As a further condition, China must undertake to open "suitable cities and towns within the province of Shantung." As it is well known even to Europeans that tens of thousands of Japanese have settled along the Kiaochau-Tsinan Railway, where they have no right to be, China would be compelled to legalize an act which is a clear violation of the existing treaties.

As I have stated above, China would not have direct negotiation with Japan about Shantung even on better terms. To do so means simply the acceptance by China of the three articles in the Versailles Treaty which China

had refused to sign. These articles were based on the iniquitous Twenty-one Demands, which the Chinese nation have unanimously repudiated and disowned. For the Twenty-one Demands not only gave Japan predominant power in Shantung, but even greater power in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. It is a bitter reflection that although every one of the Allied and Associated Powers gained something by the Peace Treaty, China not only gained nothing, but lost a great deal.

However, the Shantung question is—and so are the questions of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia—an international problem, and lies at the centre of the Pacific question. The Washington Conference would settle nothing if it deliberated on the latter without any reference to the former. For the most important issue of the Pacific question is the "open door in China"—i.e., every nation is to have equal economic opportunity in China. If Japan be allowed to have special interests, economical, political, or otherwise, in Shantung, Manchuria and elsewhere, the "open door" would be a sham. There would be suspicion and fear, jealousy and hatred. Commercial rivalry lies at the root of every great recent war; and the future battleground of different interests is in the Far East. Therefore the "open door" must be insisted upon, and it must be real and not nominal.

China desires the complete open door for the peace of the world. She desires no gain from the Washington Conference, and it is her great ambition to contribute to the welfare and civilization of the world proportional to her territory and numbers. Of course, her contribution to the civilization has been great in the past, but Young China is concerned with the future. Materially, as well as intellectually and morally, she has her mission to render. But she must first of all be allowed to follow her individual development unhampered by interference, and all the restrictions and hindrances in the way must be removed. She should have her tariff autonomy; the foreign troops should be withdrawn from her territory; the extra-territoriality should be cancelled, or at least drastically modified, to the advantage of both the Chinese and the foreigner; but, above all, the notorious Twenty-one Demands of 1915 and the secret agreements of 1918 must be completely nullified.

The world-civilization is a precarious thing, and can only be preserved and furthered by common effort. Every nation, as well as every individual, has to contribute her share. Although the sea is rough and the rocks are many, a fair and just Britain, a disinterested America, an unaggressive Japan, and a peaceful and contented China will weather many a storm and benefit the mankind to come.—Yours, &c.,

L. Y. CHEN.

20, Thirsk Road, S.W. 11.

THE NEED FOR AN AMNESTY.

SIR,—The recent case of a man believed to be dead returning home, and then being dealt with as a deserter, brings up again the question of the need for an amnesty. There are still many instances of men who, having been afraid to return to the Army after overstaying leave, have been declared deserters and are now unable to visit their homes and rejoin their relations.

If some special cases the military authorities have seen fit to issue what are called protecting certificates, freeing such men from liability to punishment, but as a general principle this procedure is only applied to aliens who were called up for service in the army, and British subjects must surrender to the military authorities and stand their chance of court-martial. As most of them do not dare to take this course, many difficulties arise which bring suffering on completely innocent persons, and serve no useful purpose, even from a military point of view.

Now that we have reached the third anniversary of the Armistice, it should be possible to give a complete amnesty in respect of war-time offences, and restrict the operation of military law to professional soldiers who have voluntarily accepted military obligations.—Yours, &c.,

J. SCOTT DUCKERS.

2, New Court, Carey Street,
Chancery Lane, W.C. 2.

MISLEADING TOPOGRAPHY.

SIR,—In your issue of October 8th Mr. Hamilton Fyfe expressed the opinion that Pressburg has been "disguised" as Bratislava. This remark proves only that his Gazetteer is incomplete and his knowledge of Hungarian topography defective. Most towns in Hungary are mixed, and bear usually three names. Even in South Hungary you will find towns divided into Swabian or Saxon, Slovak, Magyar, Rumanian, and Gipsy suburbs. We can, perhaps, speak about disguising when Livorno is called Leghorn, the Yugoslav Zagreb is called Agram, or Vienna Becs, but the case is different with mixed towns. A Gazetteer that gives Neusatz or Ujvidek, omitting the vernacular Serbian name Novi Sad, is useless, as the town is Serbian. The same applies to the trio Klausenburg-Koloszvar-Cluj, Sibiu-Hermannstadt-Nagyszeben, and practically all Hungarian towns. Nor is Mr. Fyfe the only one who has been misled by this ambiguous nomenclature. It has proved a stumbling-block even to the compiler of "Pears' Complete Gazetteer," in which Stuhlweissenburg or Székésfővár is entered twice. Curiously enough, under the German label it has only 31,824 inhabitants, whereas the latter has 36,525. (Perhaps, also, an example of the reliability of Magyar official figures.) A glance into a history of Czecho-Slovakia would have made it clear to Mr. Fyfe that the Slavonic name for Pressburg is well authenticated. It was the ancient centre of the great Moravian Empire. The very etymology of Pressburg is instructive. The Magyar official name was Pozsony (Latin Posonium). The proscribed Slavonic name Bratislava was also known in Russia and in folk songs. Now that Bratislava has become the chief centre of Slovakia, the Slavonic name has, of course, been given due prominence.

This is a question of universal interest. Letters might miscarry. It is clear that, to avoid misconception, either the maps of Central Europe must change their absurd terminology or the Gazetteer must give all equivalents of place-names in mixed territories. The same applies to the artificial place-names all over the area of former Austria. English and French maps give German or Magyar official topography, presenting very often monstrously mutilated forms of vernacular names.—Yours, &c.,

O. VOCADLO, Ph.D.

Maida Hill.

Poetry.

OUT OF THE WOOD.

THE crows still fly to that wood, and out of the wood
she comes,
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now than
before,
Her strength being less; she bends as the hoar rush
bends in the wind:
She will sit by the fire, in the smoke, her thoughts on
the root and the living branch no more.

The crows still fly to that wood, the wood that is sparse
and gapped;
The last one left of the herd makes way by the lane
to the stall,
Lowing distress as she goes; the great trees are all
down;
No fiddle sounds in the hut to-night, and a candle only
gives light to the hall.

The trees are sparse and gapped, yet a sapling spreads
on the joints
Of the wall till the Castle stone falls down into the
moat;
The last who minds that our race once stood as
a spreading tree,
She goes, and the thorns are bare where the blackbird,
his full songs done, strikes the one metal note.

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

I READ in a contemporary: "Iron and Steel shares weakened on the Washington disarmament proposals." The phrase is accurate, perhaps, in describing a momentary market movement; but it is difficult to imagine a more shortsighted view than the words suggest. The greater the extent of disarmament agreed upon at Washington, the greater the degree of confidence and security in the world, and the greater the chance of budgets being made to balance, of currencies being reformed, financial security restored, the machinery and conditions of trade activity restored. From the recovery to which disarmament would begin to open the door, every industry, in the long view, and by no means least the iron and steel industry, stands to gain. Of course, companies engaged solely on armament production will certainly be embarrassed if the United States proposals are carried out. For instance, some plant designed merely for the output of armor plates may become derelict and useless. But the hope which the opening of the Washington assembly arouses ought to make the whole economic, financial, and industrial world feel, like Mr. Balfour, ten years younger. After the tragic failure of the Great Peace, Washington renews a hope, that was rapidly dying, that the impassable undergrowth barring the world from a return to favorable conditions may be hewn down. Even the extinction and bankruptcy of certain armament manufacturing concerns—albeit patriotic feelings during the war have led many investors to sink therein money they cannot afford to lose—would weigh lighter than a feather in the balance against the immeasurable relief and gain to the whole industrial and economic world accruing from the establishment of security and the drastic curtailment of armaments. Confining the argument solely to material things, the failure of Washington would leave all sections of the business and industrial world, from the greatest capitalist to the humblest unskilled laborer, peering into a future in which the blackness is thick and unrelieved.

THE BUDGET REVISED.

On the eve of the prorogation of Parliament the House of Commons heard from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a review of the financial position of the country, which attempted cheerfulness, but achieved gloominess. Even according to official admission the surplus is wiped out. The best result to be hoped of the current financial year is a balance; but even this hope that a deficit will be avoided depends on doubtful assumptions, among which is the receipt of from £30 millions to £40 millions from Germany in respect of the cost of our Rhine forces. To the unofficial mind a deficit seems only too likely. It is certainly to the good that foreign debt continues to be paid off and replaced by domestic borrowing. Home debt is better than foreign. But the hope that we should this year continue to extinguish at least our maturing foreign obligations out of surplus revenue has definitely gone. As regards next year the Chancellor, to his credit, emphasized the disquieting nature of the outlook. Next year income-tax—based on the average of three years, two of which are thoroughly bad—will yield much less; arrears of E.P.D. will not be highly productive; stocks of war assets for sale will dwindle; resumption of payment of interest to America will be a new item of expenditure. The most drastic economy is essential. Let us hope that Washington will knock something at once off our unproductive expenditure; assume that, and that the Geddes Committee will do their work with thoroughness and wisdom, even then tax alleviation can hardly be a hope for next year. It is a favorable sign that the Treasury is setting its face already against raising false hopes of that kind.

MARKET CONDITIONS.

To return to the present, the national accounts for the past week show reduced, but still good, sales of Treasury Bonds, which have once more enabled floating debt to be repaid. Since the Bank Rate was reduced to 5 per cent. conditions in the Money market have swung from plethoric ease to considerable stringency. In spite of the continuance of anxiety about Ireland, the Stock

markets have recently developed some signs of a new vitality. The movement was never very pronounced, but the basis of business began last week to broaden. The movement has been checked slightly and may collapse; but if the news of slight improvement in the industrial centres could be reinforced by the announcement of Irish peace, it would probably develop quickly and substantially. A marked feature has been the response of rubber shares to the improved statistical position of the industry. Among the foreign exchanges the mark fluctuates within narrower limits, but the Austrian crown has indulged in wild fluctuations. Mr. McKenna, returned from the United States, supports the view that the present strength of sterling in terms of the dollar is likely to give way to reaction. But much depends on Washington events.

EUROPE'S DEBT TO AMERICA.

The Guaranty Trust Company has compiled the following figures of the debts of Europe to the Government of the United States as at June 30th, 1921:—

	Dollars (In millions).		Dollars (In millions).
America	12.0	Hungary	1.7
Austria	24.0	Italy	1,648.0
Belgium	375.3	Latvia	5.1
Cuba	9.0	Liberia02
Czecho-Slovakia	91.2	Lithuania	5.0
Estonia	13.4	Poland	135.7
Finland	8.3	Roumania	36.1
France	3,350.8	Russia	192.6
Great Britain	4,166.3	Serbia	51.1
Greece	15.0		

The total of the above is \$10,141 millions, to which falls to be added about one thousand millions for interest accrued and unpaid. It should be understood that these debts are calculated at the par of exchange, and include only debts due to the Government of the United States. The circular in which these figures are given says:—"In approximate figures, at the parities of exchange, the principal inter-Government debts are estimated as follows: Germany's reparation liabilities are about \$32,000,000,000; France owes \$2,700,000,000 on principal account to Great Britain and \$3,350,000,000 to the United States, making a total of about \$6,050,000,000; Italy owes to Great Britain \$2,312,000,000 and to the United States \$1,648,000,000, making a total of about \$3,950,000,000, while Great Britain owes the United States more than \$4,000,000,000." It is important that the magnitude and significance of these figures should be digested by the public.

NEW ISSUES.

The Port of London Authority has this week offered for subscription £2,000,000 6 per cent stock at 96. I only hope my readers have been lucky enough to secure some of it. In view of the fall in money rates the terms offered to the investor are surprisingly good, since the security is sound. It seems an anomaly that the Port of London, with the security it has to offer, should pay as much for its money as a new colony unsupported by any guarantee from the Imperial Government. The Government of Western Australia has also been in the market with the offer of £3,000,000 6 per cent. Stock at 95½. This is a trustee security, in which, subject to geographical considerations, an investment may reasonably be made. Benson & Hedges (Canada) Limited offer £200,000 8½ per cent. guaranteed first mortgage debenture stock. In spite of the unconditional guarantee of the parent company and the rate offered, the stock is hardly suitable for the small investor.

GRAND TRUNK AWARD.

There may still be many holders of Grand Trunk stocks in this country who feel aggrieved at the award made by the arbitrators. Such people, and indeed all who are interested in Grand Trunk affairs, should read the official text of the awards and the reasons for the awards as stated by the individual arbitrators. This has now been issued by the King's Printer at Ottawa. Since an appeal to the Privy Council is pending, comment is undesirable. But from a careful study of this little blue-book, I think many stockholders will obtain a new understanding of the position on which the arbitrators had to adjudge. L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4777.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1921.



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The World of Books.

For years I have been unable to throw away some old and odd periodicals because they had the virtue of preserving essays and book reviews, often unsigned, yet unmistakable, by Norman Douglas; and among these old numbers is an assortment of the "Anglo-Italian Review," in which are some of his travel sketches. But the heap of that review (unluckily dead) may now be dispersed. Its travel stories, which gave it value, have been collected, and christened—if that term may be used of any book by Norman Douglas—"Alone" (Chapman & Hall). In "Alone," among its variety of comments blithely disparaging most things, from the Cosmic Purpose (if it exists) to the horse-chestnut tree and the scenery of Switzerland, its author refers to our prentice literary critics who treat literature as though it were cowhide.

* * *

It would require a clever dissimulation not to seem like a prentice, in comparison with Norman Douglas. Anyhow, it is certain he would see through the hypocrisy, however clever, and devise a sparkling analysis of it; our dissimulations, which deceive even ourselves, provide him with material for many of his brightest pages. But why does he call his book "Alone"? He seems never to be alone. He has the luck, on his travels, of undesigned gravitation towards the most mysterious and suspicious but engaging characters, and his converse with them, and his after-reflections, provide his adventures with a flavor which may be called "gamey." A flavor certainly not as noticeable as a Chinese egg; nothing like that. Not nearly so obvious. It merely dawns, as it were, upon a sensitive nose. You sniff suspiciously, though without knowing you were going to do it; yet audibly. Then you catch the flicker of a disappearing smile in the half-averted gravity of the narrator; and after that your mind about him is confused. You put yourself on your guard. You watch him narrowly. You enjoy his stories immensely, but are dubious that their author may slip into your mind, while you are in the act of laughing, something far-gone. Yet what are you to do? Once he begins, you are bound to attend to him, for he will capture you perhaps by beginning to talk of Ouida; and it will be a tribute to that almost forgotten lady of so simple, generous, and wise a kind, and as lively with contempt for the modern intellectuals as only a man with the sprightly but astonishing learning of Norman Douglas may dare to show, that you soon begin to denounce the suspicion in your mind about this remarkable writer; and into the very next page he

will slip a drop of his double-distilled essence, ever so invisible and faint, but most penetrating and distracting; and no Persian attar either. No, not of roses exactly. Yet again, by the time the next chapter is reached, you will not be quite certain you detected something that seemed rather diabolical. What evil thoughts one has!

* * *

A SEASONED reader, once he has happened on Norman Douglas, hoards every scrap of writing by him. Nevertheless, no man ought to have so wide a variety of learning, or to have met so many curious characters, or to have been in so many strange quarters. It is hardly natural, and is certainly not fair to other writers. Most journalists possess a varied litter of information, and this sometimes gives them a reputation for a sort of scholarship. But this learning of a serious student in German philosophy, biology, mineralogy, hagiology ("Old Calabria" is the liveliest book on saints, mystics, and martyrs ever written), obscure sins and rare diseases (a fine collection), taverns everywhere, botany and forestry, many languages, literature! It is not fair. Now he adds music. One finds these things about him casually. He happens to be heaving bricks at nightingales, and of course he feels bound to tell us why he is thus assaulting them. Then we hear something about music; and learn, too, that perhaps he is the last man alive to have shaken hands with Lachner, who had heard Beethoven speak. There is no doubt about it. We have nobody to-day to compare with Norman Douglas as a writer of travel narratives.

* * *

"ALONE" is a sad book. This, clearly, is a strange conclusion concerning so mischievous and animated a record. I fear it will be hard to justify the criticism, though there is no reason why one should attempt the almost impossible task of showing the reasons for a mere surmise. I submit, for one thing, the title of the book, to show that behind his learning, lightly held, his mastery as a writer, his joyful scepticism over the pious and the well-intentioned who do most of the harm to the world, his cold objectivity as a naturalist who is amused by mankind's antics among the other herds grazing on the plain, and his formidable ability to take good care of himself, there is a sentimentality which is too shy to look more than a little wistful. He might be a generous and compassionate man who, fearing he may be recognized for what he is, in a well-controlled panic takes to the disguise of a genial but unprincipled ruffian. There is no place in this world, safe and benign only to energetic money-mongers, for a leisurely artist and scholar like Norman Douglas. He was born to be an outcast. He sees us all scrambling to be appointed as Inspectors of Nuisances to a society well ordered, but bankrupt, in which our only genuine emotion comes while listening to a politician gifted with what Gilbert Murray calls a "blood-shot" voice, or when we win something in a raffle. It appeared that once he himself tried to be a kind of Inspector. He wanted to help to Win the War. His enterprise is described in the first chapter of "Alone." It is that kind of jolly adventure which has made other intelligent men wistful, though humorous, and convinced them that human society is not worth saving.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

THE MOLES.

It had barely turned daybreak when I set out on my first adventure into the underworld. The road lay along a railway siding, past coal trucks, heaps of pit props, and the rough material of a mining debouch on the main line. But in the sepian dusk of dawn, everything had the uncommonness of a new discovery. The noises, too, were equally mysterious, equally difficult to range; made up, I learnt later, of the clanking of pump-spears, the hum of winding-drums, the early morning lowing of cows and the barking of sheep-dogs. The wind brought them near, or seemed to blow them away, coming in gusts down the valley which served as the funnel through which it poured, following the stream. The scene was still half dark when I left the railway and reached the new-built bridge over the river. Then came a bigger gust that rattled the loose planks, not yet fastened down, and seemed to sweep away the last of the night. The broad details of the valley stood revealed—the hillsides with larch plantations, steep fields and high-perched farms; and the mining chimneys and black scaffold half-way. From that point it seemed to stick up clear in air, with the black-roofed heapstead below. Thither I was bound, and I stared at it with something of the sense of an initiate—a prentice to the mystery of coal-mining.

I stared, speculating, and suddenly a muddy stream appeared to flow from it towards me, which soon turned into a stream of men—the night-shift of the pit going home. In a few moments the first of them were upon me. I felt immensely shy of them, like a flagrant stranger. Their black faces and pit duds, coal and clay-colored, and the bloody rag round one man's head, made me too conscious of my own spotless rig—leather skull-cap, blue-sleeved leather-backed waistcoat, knee-breeches, hazel yard-stick and super-fine clanny-lamp. However, they did not even seem to see me. Either from some surly etiquette, or because they were dog-tired, they passed me by without a sign. My mumbled "Good-morning," owing to the noise of wind and engines, did not touch their ears. They went by with stiff, dragging stride; their long-backed, short-legged build, their queer garb, gave them an alien dwarfish look, as of a race of cave-men.

When I climbed the black stair to the heapstead, the interior was still dusky; but one red ray, from the rising sun, struck across the sheet-iron floor. I gazed in wonder at the great timber supports round the shaft, that reared up the winding-wheels, sixty feet in air. They had the effect of a Piranesi drawing, with their architectural lines, deep-shot shadows, sharp uprights, and the deep pit, ominous, iron-rimmed, gaping beneath. The whole affected me like a dark cartoon of my own destiny. The heap-keeper, a huge man, turned to me with the air of one who was amused at my advent: "Aren't ye a bit eorlie, mistor?" he asked. My clanny-lamp with its silver polish caught his eye.

"Ye winnot need that toy in the Busty Seam surely? There's no fire-damp, not at Wittonhope."

He led the way to his corner-cabin; and brought out a small lump of kneaded clay and a tallow candle; and opened his big fist to show how to fit the clay between two fingers and carry the candle so, stuck fast in it.

He did this with an air to make you feel that he stood well with the chief and was a bit of a rogue. His name, Holliver, exactly expressed him. While I was taking his measure the Overman came on the scene, with a bustling courtesy, to say that the chief engineer, my mining master, had been called away to a coal meeting. Forthwith we went below without him, before I could range my uneasy sensations. But that first drop

into the mole-hill remains with me. The fall of the cage was, indeed, so rapid that its effect was rather like being guillotined through one's bowels. The racket of tubs and Galloways and the shouts of drivers drowned one's questions at the shaft-bottom. The Overman piloted me to a cabin with the air of a sea-captain on his own deck. A burly, black-bearded man, with eager little pig's eyes, he spoke little, but had an explosive way with him when he did. In his cabin, cut in the coal, neat as a parlor, he took up a report and fell into a mock fury at some entry he came upon:—

"The greet styeg!" he said; "the greet styeg!" ("Styeg," I learnt afterwards, means a goose.)

He entered the barometric reading for the day in a book. "And now," he said, "we'll go 'in-by'." He travelled at a great pace, and when we came to the low workings his short bow-legs were an immense gain to him. It was hard to keep pace with him, and to keep one's candle from being blown out. Presently we met, at a cross-cut, the back overman who had made the offending report. It was a meagre, thin-lipped little man, with an uneasy expression; and I divined that the two men were, constantly and unaccountably, at odds. The Overman halted with an emphatic "p'fooph!" forgetting me in his indignation. A putter with a coal-tub came rattling out of a stall at the same moment, and I thought it as well to go on, and find the mole at his work within.

It was then that a waft of denser air, loaded with subterranean smells, compounded of tar, pit-timber, coal-dust, fungus and other untold ingredients, caught my sense, like the stale whiff you get on a dock-quay at night. It individualized the place, the pit and pit-men and their deep earth-burrows, as nothing else could.

* * * * *

The hewer in his hole was like a glistening bronze figure; naked except for drawers, shoes, and short hose. Nicking the coal at one side with hard, hefty strokes of the pick, he was tense with his work, and did not notice or speak to me. But presently he glanced over his shoulder, turning his head so as to show a shaven, blue-black, square chin. A moment later he paused and felt in his jacket-pocket—the garment hung on a nail in a pit-prop—and took out a pipe. He calmly wiped his sweaty, gleaming body with his shirt before he lit up, as he looked me over.

"They'll be wantin' to stop oor pipes next!" he said; "the back-overman is always fancyin' he can smell fire-damp. His feyther supped too much on it; and his narves—ye know, mistor, ye know!" He made a gesture. "I wish I had a drap o't here this minnit—summat stronger than the tea in that tin-bottle!"

His left leg had a slight abrasion below the knee, and a fresh cut. He slid his big hand down the limb till he felt the wet blood; then became interested, and dressed the cut with a dab of stiff clay.

"Comes of not timbering close!" he said. "The gaffer would be onto me for that."

The stone in the roof was rotten, and needed watching, as the headway was driven further into the coal-face. He set about putting up two pit-props and a cross-timber, as I crouched and hunched my back to creep out. "Oh, ma poor back! Hoo's yours?" he called out by way of parting salute.

At the cross-cut I found the Overman and back-overman returning from the "flat," where, it seemed, the latter had reported the ominous blue flame of the deadly damp on his Davy-lamp last night. As the Overman and I took our way back: "Fancy," he said to me, "all fancy. Ye winnot get no sweeter air than this we have in the Busty Seam—no, not if ye were to climb to the very top of Wittonhope on a May mornin'."

With that I realized the pride of the man in his berth, his well-ordered, marvellously ventilated, fire-damp-free pit; his mole-hill. And as I laughed to myself and agreed with him, I felt my earth-initiation had already undergone its first rite.

ERNEST RHYS.

Reviews.

LORD SALISBURY.

Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury. By Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL. Volumes I. and II.: 1830—1868 and 1868—1890. (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s. net.)

I.

If Lady Gwendolen Cecil's life of Lord Salisbury strikes us as one of the best biographies we have ever read, the impression is not a surprising one. For it has been given to few fathers to have such a daughter, and to few daughters to live in close communion with such a father's heart. It has been her fortune to take the impress of a powerful and original mind; to receive its confidences, and to share its most intimate travail; and all the while to train herself with rigor to the task of narrating and appraising a great public career. If there is not an unskilled or a faltering page in this book, it is because the writer has mastered contemporary politics, and, in following one of the most racy and virile of writers and speakers, has assimilated the strength of his style, and even acquired a portion of its humor. It is a poor compliment to say that Lady Gwendolen gives an adequate account of the battle for Electoral Reform and of Lord Salisbury's Eastern diplomacy. The truth is that Lord Salisbury himself could not have described them better. Lady Gwendolen has, indeed, seen things with her father's eyes. That is a filial attitude: but it is also a literary one. An aristocrat in heart describes the last stand of aristocracy in politics; and an acute intelligence has applied itself with complete sympathy to the intricate play of events which finally gave to Lord Salisbury the diplomatic succession to Bismarck. But the merit of this book lies not only in its control of facts, and in delicate response to its subject, but in its power of spiritual discernment. Essentially Lord Salisbury was of the line of the *penseurs*. He was not a constructive thinker, still less a cheerful one. But with him things enacted on the stage of politics referred themselves to a watchful governor within. His career, like that of all political men, covered examples of want of candor with the public. But of the lie in the soul he must be held guiltless. "All unreality of thought or language," says Lady Gwendolen, "stirred him to impatient mockery." If he found the life of affairs to be a rather pitiable business, he neither rhapsodized publicly about it, nor framed an airy idealism for his innermost wear. There was God's goodness—and there was the world of men. The two could not be reconciled—at least by a Tory aristocrat, with a cool and probing intelligence. If that was a state of moral disharmony, it was one of intellectual truthfulness; and it is a surpassing merit of Lady Gwendolen's book that she affirms this spiritual unity and demonstrates it. Let us add a qualification of true artistry. Lord Salisbury's figure, for all its repellent power on the many who stood outside its circle, and some of the few who were within, was of singular charm. It is a great feat to suggest this charm, and to give the impression of it as something pungent and clean, like a scent of peat-smoke in a drawing-room, and to say so little about it.

And yet there is a criticism of Lord Salisbury's career which his daughter fails to meet, most of all when, by implication, she seeks to ward it off. Lord Salisbury, as we have said, was the last of the aristocratic statesmen—the last and the most virtuous of his kind. He lived hard always, earning his bread like a man when he was poor, and despising the softness of England—its high feeding and toadyism, its reek of club gossip and Taper and Tadpole pettiness—when he became rich and a great (and greatly bored) country magnate. He had pity for the poor,* but a more inveterate sceptic of the political worth of the people of England never lived. Lady Gwendolen makes a near approach to casuistry when she insists that in his great campaign against household suffrage, Lord Salisbury "never opposed democracy on grounds of class privilege or of devotion to an oligarchic legitimacy." Perhaps not; he only opposed it on grounds of property. During the Reform controversy, he suggested

the analogy of plural voting in a Joint Stock Company as a suitable model for the suffrage of a State. He denied that Democracy supplied guarantees for Freedom or Progress, but when a man strikes the first and the last of these categories out of his dictionary, and takes the second for a yoke-fellow of property, he leaves himself little to fall back on but "oligarchical" pride. He assumed that the "facts of human nature" were destructive of the "ideals of what it ought to be." These "facts" grew out of a society where not one Englishman out of ten was given a chance of learning what England had been or could become, and only late in life, when he may have felt that such a country must expire of class selfishness, did he acquire even the elements of a modern political philosophy. Nor was it in him to be truly and fully of his age, that is to say, to be a little in advance of it. For his intelligence would not let him. In a chapter of great psychological interest, Lady Gwendolen exposes the profound contradiction of his religious life. Lord Salisbury was a devout Christian, clinging to the Incarnation, and rarely missing its supporting rite of the weekly Communion. But the appeal to Christian ethics left him cold. He confessed that "while he had never known what it was to doubt the truth of Christian doctrine, he had all his life found a difficulty in accepting the moral teaching of the Gospels." He took Christianity as a mystery, arguing down most theological explanations of it. Its working in the soul of man, and its influence on his fate, seemed to him equally obscure. Did it appear in history, so that a man might say with confidence that such or such was a Divine end, and that he ought to co-operate with it? You could never be sure. On the contrary, anti-clerical France, attacking the Church as a danger to civilization, might well be in the right:—

"He quoted Professor Clifford's accusation against that religion that it had destroyed two civilizations and had only just failed in destroying a third—and he quoted it with agreement. What had been would be. The result was contained in the inherent nature of things, not to be affected by man's conscious action. We had been warned that Christianity could know no neutrality, and history had verified the warning. It was incapable of co-existing permanently with a civilization which it did not inspire and any such as came into contact with it withered. How much more must this be so with one that had been formed under its auspices and had subsequently rejected it! Such a society must inevitably perish. His voice and manner, as these reflections developed, grew heavily oppressed, and his eyes—looking out upon the sunlit sea beneath him—seemed to be filled with a vision of gloom as he dwelt with unforgettable emphasis upon the tragedy which would be involved in such a catastrophe."

Thus the aristocratic man stood for an aristocratic religion, faintly apprehensible by the emotions and hardly at all by the reason, a thing to be kept apart and little meddled with, for fear it should act as a high explosive. No broad humanity could grow in such a soil. And Lord Salisbury's career, honorable and serviceable as it was, bore throughout his life the weight of this pessimistic thought.

The two volumes of this biography take the reader only to the close of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and therefore leave its subject a comparatively young man. His earlier years were his unhappiest. He was bullied at Eton, and told his sufferings in letters that we suppose breathed the sorrows of about one-quarter of the public-school boys of England. Oxford was better; but happiness seemed only to come to the shy and morbidly delicate youth with married companionship. To a character resembling his own, he made instant response, and blossomed into a native humor and playfulness. But he remained a solitary. Abhorring physical exercise, society, and soldiering (his father offered him a Colonelcy in the Middlesex Militia, and the mere proposition gave him "a stomach-ache"), the Lord Robert Cecil of the 'fifties and 'sixties bound himself to a hard apprenticeship to politics and letters. He wrote for the "Saturday" and the "Quarterly Review," though not, says Lady Gwendolen, for any daily paper. Thus if the country life of his time was something of a jungle, he at least enjoyed the freedom of the rogue elephant. With the average life of English political folk, he could not have come in contact. He sat for years for Stamford, and never fought an election. And all through his membership of the House of Commons, he abstained from the lobby and the political club; and made his conquest of its respect (though rarely of its vote) an almost exclusive exercise of the intellect.

H. W. M.

(To be continued.)

* He was a great builder of cottages (at economic rents) at Hatfield, and was a strong advocate of the Mansion House fund started during the distress of 1888. "What is the use of talking like that," he said to the argument from "political economy," "when people are actually starving?"

AN AMERICAN SCRAP-BOOK.

A History of American Literature. Vols. III. and IV. (Cambridge University Press. 30s. net each.)

THERE is not very much about literature in the last two volumes of this imposing history—an able essay on Mark Twain, by Stuart Sherman, a rather inconclusive chapter on Henry James, an interesting account of the later poets which, unfortunately, ends just when American poetry has begun an intense and individual life, a chapter on the later novel, and that is all. Submerged in a sequence of chapters on economic, philosophical, historical, and educational books, we easily forget that we are reading a history of American literature at all. It is much more like an encyclopedia of American intellectual enterprise during the second half of the nineteenth century.

It is not the less interesting for that; but it is absolutely impregnable by systematic review. We can only regard it as a corpus of unfamiliar information, a tantalizing collection of books we should like to have read, not so much for the pleasure we might hope to get from them as because the mere title of a book which we know we shall hardly find in the most exhaustive of English libraries is utterly and hopelessly alluring. Probably we might as well desire to voyage in interstellar space as hope to hold in our hands a copy of "The Story of a Country Town," by Edgar Watson Howe, of Kansas, published in 1883. And yet Mr. Carl van Doren—a reliable critic—says that it is "worthy to be mentioned with 'Wuthering Heights' or 'Moby Dick' for power and terror." It is, says the same writer, "the sternest, grimmest of American novels." Nothing more; no word of the plot, no line of the writing. Alas! the strict plan of this history makes quotation all but impossible. "The Story of a Country Town," which we imagine (no doubt fantastically) as resembling "The House with the Green Shutters," will be for ever unknown to us, for even in America it is practically unread. Perhaps we shall have better fortune with Edgar Eggleston (1837-1902). His novel, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," excites our appetite, and since it is comparatively famous in its own country, and in the early 'nineties was popular in England, a copy may fall into our hands. It is a story of first-hand experience in Indiana, and luckily there is a quotation from another of Eggleston's books to tell us what a Hoosier is. He is a member of

"that curious poor-whitey race which is called 'tar-heel' in the northern Carolina, 'sand-hiller' in the southern, 'corn-cracker' in Kentucky, 'yahoo' in Mississippi, and in California 'Pike' . . . the Hoosiers of the dark regions of Indiana and the Egyptians of southern Illinois."

That glorious collection of synonyms brings "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" into line with one of the more famous of modern American novels, Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White." But, apart from his subject, Eggleston himself is made fascinating by one of the scanty biographical details the history vouchsafes to us. He was born in Indiana, and began life as an itinerant Methodist preacher; he happened to read an American translation of Taine's "Art in the Netherlands," and at a time when American fiction was almost wholly of the domestic-sentimental-pious kind, he conceived the notion of applying the methods of Dutch realism to the representation of the life he knew. The singularity of this originating impulse makes us doubly anxious to read his work.

Mr. van Doren is not very tender to the domestic-sentimental fiction against which Howe and Eggleston seem to have reacted in complete ignorance of the European movement of realism, and we cannot help thinking that the *genre* should have had a larger treatment in a work which is, after all, so very, very much more a history than a critical account of American literature. Some of these American novels of the 'fifties and 'sixties had a great vogue here in England; and to find no mention of "Helen's Babies" in the 'seventies is something of a shock. And then there was the pious and delightful "Queechy." Sentimental enough, both of them, but the one had real humor, and both conveyed a breath of New England fragrance, of the fresh scent of the leaves in that season mysteriously named "the fall," and therefore situated somewhere outside the commonplace circuit of the seasons, which keeps them alive in the hearts

of those who had the good fortune to read them when they were young. If we may judge by the specimens that found their way to England, American sentimental fiction of the mid-nineteenth century had a kindly flavor of its own, and deserved a rather gentler treatment from the historian. But there—it may be only another case of the pathos of distance. Perhaps it is really the same kind of thing as "Daddy Longlegs" or "Peg o' my Heart." Still, we feel it would have been worth while to drop a flower on the grave of "Queechy" or "Helen's Babies," seeing that, in another chapter, Edmund C. Stedman has a mausoleum built to his memory because he wrote in a criticism of Emerson that he "had seasons when feeling and expression were in circuit, and others when the wires were down." The metaphor is not really profound enough to be memorable, even though the historian goes on to assure us that only "Stedman could thus have evaluated the electric spark of Emerson's poetry."

But a difference of standards is inevitable in a work by many hands. Instead of complaining, we go on to collect items of information, without any pretence to the impossible achievement of making them coherent. There is plenty of stuff for the imagination in the book-titles strung together in the discursive chapter on "Travellers and Explorers," though it is distressing to one's sense of romance to learn that the real cowboys of the 'seventies—the men in bearded trousers who "shot-up" saloons—as a class had reached "a pitch of degradation never attained by any community of white or black men in the history of the world." The brave cow-puncher and bronco-buster, with a heart of gold and the tenderness of a schoolgirl, is a figure of dreams and the cinema. In reality he employed his leisure hours not in saving damsels from distress, but in shooting Indians like buffaloes, from horseback, for the fun of the thing. So that the only matter for surprise in this eloquent protest of a full-blood Sioux against white "civilization" is the absence of bitterness:—

"The native American has been generally despised by his white conquerors for his poverty and simplicity. They forget, perhaps, that his religion forbade the accumulation of wealth and the enjoyment of luxury. To him as to other single-minded men in every age and race, from Diogenes to the brothers of Saint Francis, from the Montanists to the Shakers, the love of possessions has appeared a snare, and the burdens of a complex society a source of needless peril and temptation. It is my belief, after thirty-five years' experience of it, that there is no such thing as Christian Civilization. I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same. . . . Since there is nothing left us but remembrance, at least let that remembrance be just."

It would be hardly too much to say that that is the finest quotation in these two volumes. That is, no doubt, because the quotations are so few; but the quality of this one reminds us that it is high time someone set about collecting the often strangely beautiful utterances of such dispossessed aborigines. This is not the first time we have been struck by the accent of despairing resignation with which a fine race bows to a more powerful one. We remember a sermon preached by one of the natives of British Guiana, which was quoted—more by way of ridicule than admiration—in a book on that colony. The preacher used the English language rather in the way the Africans (such as Apuleius) used Latin under the Empire. He softened it with strange diminutives—like the *umbratilis* so much admired by Pater—and gave it a hesitating tenderness which was very moving. In particular we remember that he spoke of his fellow-natives as regarding the intentions of the now friendly white man with "a tingy doubt," a phrase that has seemed to reveal more of the mentality of a dispossessed race than volumes of evidence before commissions of inquiry. But the expression of a conquered people in the language of the conquerors is too large a subject for a passing reference. Some scholar with imagination should make it his life-work; it would be a strange chapter in the history of the human soul.

As we continue our peregrination through the volumes we note with delight, in the chapter on philosophical writers, an excellent phrase on Mr. Santayana's humanistic detachment. The writer, who himself fully appreciates Santayana's distinction, notes that not a single survey of American philosophy has hitherto mentioned his name, and explains

the neglect by pointing out that Americans regard philosophy either as religion rationalized, in which case Santayana's æsthetic detachment is utterly abhorrent, or as a scientific method of handling general ideas. To this group—

"Santayana is just a speculative poet who may value science very highly, but does so as a well-groomed gentleman who knows it at a polite distance, afraid to soil his hands with its grimy details."

That is admirable. Perhaps we may look for one of the reasons why, as the writer regretfully admits, "it does not seem that Santayana's future career will belong to America," in the next fragment we have marked down for quotation. It comes from the prospectus of "Lippincott's Magazine," and speaks for itself: "It offers you no problems to solve, has no continued stories to hinder, and appeals to you just when you want it." And another reason may be found in the chapter on newspapers, in which the writer—most unusually for this detached history—lets himself go in his indignation with the Hearst press:—

"Hearst won [in his struggle with Pulitzer], for by the end of the century the 'World' had begun to moderate its methods, while Hearst had only fairly begun the career which has strung a series of his papers from coast to coast and tainted the whole of American journalism with cheap and flashy emotionalism."

We cannot end this discursive review without a reference to the chapter on American ballads. It contains no mention of the curious and striking negro ballad on the assassination of President McKinley:—

"You should have se-en
What ol' Shawgosh done;
He shot President McKinley
With an Iver-Johnson gun,
An' laid him down, boys,
An' laid him down."

The extremely beautiful Creole song from Louisiana is also absent:—

"Tan' sirop est doux, Madeleine,
Tan' sirop est doux."

But on the other side of the account, in the chapter on American scholarship, we most surprisingly discover the name of the author of the famous ballad of "The One Fish Ball":—

"There was a man
Walked up and down,
To get a dinner in the tow-ow-own."

It was written by George Martin Lane (1823-1897), Professor of Latin at Harvard, where he enjoyed a reputation for wit that must surely have been well deserved.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

NO MAN'S LAND.

The Great White South. By HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.
With 175 Illustrations. (Duckworth. 30s. net.)

THERE could be no better supplement to "Scott's Last Expedition" than this volume. Mr. Ponting sailed with the "Terra Nova" as the photographer of the Antarctic, Scott recognizing, with his usual quickness and sureness of judgment, that this office was as important in its way as that of the biologist, the physiographer, and the meteorologist. The result is that the world is in possession of a visual record of one of the most heroic expeditions in the history of man, achieved at frequent risk of life and with an enthusiasm that braved the most searching of incalculable and interminable hardships. Mr. Ponting puts the wastes of the South Polar landscape before the noses of men who have never left, and never will leave, their own country. His work, and his account of how he accomplished it, easily dispose of the charge that photography is a purely mechanical art; in selection, taste, and skill, his kinematograph films and photographic plates betray genius—no other expedition ever brought back such remarkable photographic records—and with the sketches of Dr. Wilson, the zoologist to the expedition, who died with Scott on the journey back from the Pole to Hut Point, form a permanent background to the discovery of a region utterly inhospitable to man, to

all except sea-mammals, and to all birds except one species of petrel, one of skua, and three of penguins. To this service Mr. Ponting now joins an absorbing narrative of his experiences, written with great liveliness, a shrewd eye to character, warmth of feeling, and unusual powers of description.

The "Terra Nova" was nearly wrecked in a gale a few days out from New Zealand, and the troubles she encountered in crossing the Antarctic Ocean and the Ross Sea before putting into McMurdo Sound, at the foot of the Great Ice Barrier, were factors in the forestalling of Scott at the Pole by Amundsen, and the tragedy following that disappointment. Through Mr. Ponting's instructions to them, we have photographic records of that noble and tragic journey of 800 miles over the wildest and most featureless ice plateau in the world; but he himself spent the winter and following summer in the neighborhood of Cape Evans in McMurdo Sound, exploring it for photographic subjects—Cape Royds and the Barne Glacier to the north, Mount Discovery and the Koethlitz Glacier to the west, the Beardmore Glacier 450 miles to the south, and Ross Island, with Cape Crozier and Mount Terror and Mount Erebus, to the east. We agree with Mr. Ponting that the explorers who have named the various capes, peaks, bays, islands, and glaciers of this majestic wilderness, where the sun transforms the bergs and moraine scarp and lava rocks into vast uncovered mines of precious stones, have shown a want of imagination. He thus describes the Aurora:—

"From the midst of this glare great rays shot upwards to the zenith, and wandered, like searchlights, among the constellations—incessantly moving, never pausing for a moment in any particular spot. Then yellow flames came out of the eastern fire, streamed above the ridge of the Barne glacier, and trickled along it for miles. They leapt up into the skies and sank again, and rolled in billows down the great volcano's slopes—just as molten lava might have rolled; then suddenly they flickered out, and all was dark once more. But only for a minute. Out of the darkness came forth light again. The ghostly beams flared out and searched the vault of heaven, and from the skies above us luminous tasselled curtains unfolded, whilst resplendent streamers softly grew, and beckoned to each other. Again and again they came and went, and waxed and waned, and ebbed and flowed in waves; then a delicate flush suffused the flaming draperies, rippling from end to end along their undulating fringes, and timidly dissolved away."

The remaining portion of Mr. Ponting's book describes the personalities of the expedition, imprisoned in their hut during the sunless and dayless Antarctic winter—a delightful picture of busy, gallant, comradely spirits, happy in the pursuit of knowledge—and the scarcely less remarkable animal life of the region, concluding with extracts from Scott's last journal. For the commemoration of this epic tragedy, however, there exists a more appropriate epitaph than Sir Owen Seaman's lines here given—that of the seventeenth-century explorer Thomas James on his comrades "left behind in the Northern Seas" in 1631, in an expedition to discover the North-West Passage, and published in "Harris's Voyages."

"The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme might do this good,
As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay
Tomb'd safely with you till doom's fatal day;
That in this solitary place, where none
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant of the true
And faithful love I ever tendered you,"

are a few of the simple and poignant lines which the author wrote at the graves of his fellows.

The animal life of the Antarctic is less abundant and varied than in the Arctic. The fur-bearing seals do not reach so far south as the Ross Sea, and the numbers of Weddell seals, so happily described by Mr. Ponting, must be attributed more to their uselessness for commercial purposes (it is an interesting fact that furs formed an insignificant part of the clothing equipment of the expedition for the winter) than to their distribution so far south. Mr. Ponting gives an extraordinary account of a mother seal's effort to save her young one from a shoal of Killer Whales (*Orca gladiator*), the only enemies of this species in these seas except the rare sea-leopard. The best part of the book, however, describes the nesting habits of the skuas and Adélie penguins, a smaller species than the Emperor penguins, who breed in the middle of the Antarctic

winter and so are inaccessible to observation. The author's humanity (without which, indeed, he could never have acquired his intimate and first-hand knowledge of the gullery and penguin rookery to the east of Cape Evans) is not the least agreeable feature of the book, and compares very favorably with the lack of it in some other expeditions. Mr. Ponting describes the Adélie penguins as the comedians of these "stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole," but laughter was not their only gift to the explorers. Their survival tests in the terrible wastes of these latitudes and the watchfulness of the skuas to prey upon their eggs and young, are of the severest possible, and the stress of these conditions has evolved a kind of communal system of rationing the young, developed from the stage when groups of chicks come under the charge of several attendants, it being "impossible for one parent bird to provide the huge quantities of food required by the two youngsters." That and sheer indomitableness have saved the species, and Mr. Ponting does not scruple to write:—"The Adélie penguin has, from that time, been to me the emblem of persistent effort. I know of no creature from which man may learn a finer lesson of how resolution and steadfastness of purpose may overcome every difficulty than from the Adélie penguin." But we doubt his hypothesis that the skua parents are prone to devour one of their own chicks—an infanticide utterly unknown in bird life, and only occasionally, and in moments of grave peril to the young, among mammals.

STABILIZING AN INIQUITY.

"Happy Days" in France and Flanders with the 47th and 49th Divisions. By BENEDICT WILLIAMSON. (Harding & More. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is, if not precisely useless, at all events bitter and barren work reviving old regrets and making criticisms on what has lapsed into the definite past; but in reading this simply written record of an Army chaplain's experience in the Western war we have been inevitably brought up against an old disappointment. Father Williamson was a brave and, as the title shows (his cheerfulness gained him the nickname of "Happy Days"), a much-liked man. He sought to experience the dangers and hard times of front-line warfare at first hand, and his book is full of evidence that he even over-emphasized this plunging into the maelstrom. He must be a cool hand who can recall a moment of obvious perturbation as clearly as this:—

"All traffic had disappeared, an ominous sign in these parts. 'You see that road,' said I to Padre Watt. 'Yes,' said he, 'there's nobody on it.' 'No, and we ought not to be on it either.' I had scarcely spoken the words when a 9.2 shell crashed over, and then they came on two and three at a time in quick succession. I looked forward to the top of the ridge, that seemed an interminable way off, hoping that once we got the other side we should be clear. . . . But, alas, when we reached the top and looked down the way to Birr Cross Roads the whole route was swept by bursting shells. . . . We pressed on. A shell struck the road full in front; the plank beams flew up in the air like ninepins. 'Look there!' exclaimed Padre Watt. And I looked back to see the ammunition dump go up in a mass of cloud and flame just behind us. Over our shoulder came the shrieking shells."

The reader who has been trapped in an area shoot will grant that Father Williamson took his turn very well indeed. The passage is a specimen of what, considered in a bare way as a journal of war, is a capital book; and our chief criticism in that kind is the padre's outrageous misspelling of names we know too well; for instance, "Warmhoudt," "Villas Pluich," "Luvencourt," and "Englebalmer."

But there is an absence of protest and indignation in Father Williamson's pages on behalf of those fine, supremely patient souls who held the line, and whom he so rightly admires beyond comparison; an acceptance of their situation, which we should not perhaps have been inclined to point out, were it not that in one chapter it becomes clamorous. That chapter is entitled "Shot at Dawn." One

day the padre is mysteriously ordered to divisional headquarters. He there learns why. "I was wanted to attend the last moments of one of the Catholic boys of the division who had just been sentenced to death." He visits the soldier:—

"The young soldier, for he was barely twenty, had joined the army on the outbreak of the War. He had more than once broken away from military discipline, overcome by an uncontrollable desire to wander. 'It wasn't that I was afraid, Father,' he said, speaking of his last exploit. 'There was nothing to be afraid of; there were no shells coming over.'"

The time comes for the execution. The boy never falters:—

"And in a few minutes we set out along the road to the little British cemetery, where his body was laid to rest with all the rites of Holy Church."

The padre appears to have considered the deliberate extinction of this youngster, who joined at sixteen and was not afraid, as inevitable. Marvelling at his actual triumph in the teeth of death, trusting in the salvation of that eternal soul, he says not a word to condemn the dreadful mentality which led to such a "sad drama." Sad drama! We had almost thought, second crucifixion. It is not that this boy may not have been by military rule, jot and tittle, duly sentenced. (Even then, was it not enough for the uplifting of one dissentient cry, that the soldier with four years' service at twenty should be thrown into the pit?) It is that the ferocity of this war at large was an unpardonable sin against the body and soul of the peoples; and who should bear the blame? What power should prolong it to that so vehemently catcalled "last drop"?

This chilling chapter has brought us down on our old stumbling-block—the attitude of the chaplains. Once more we reflect on the position which they held. Says Lieut.-Col. Feilding in the introduction to this book: "The life of a British Army chaplain on the Western Front was almost what he chose to make it." True; and in some sense the padre was the intellectual of his circle. His faith might not convince the colonel or the brigadier, but his mental capacities, his views and theories, were often respected by those none too complex persons. We have met padres who, like Father Williamson, were as often as not sauntering round the front trench and even mingling among the attacking waves. Others, it is to be regretted, talked for the sake of talking of the casualties of the night or the terrors of a raid. But let them all have been as superior to danger as tigers and as careless of physical comfort as fakirs, that is not the point, great though it be. How have we urged upon our own good chaplain in Pottage Trench, in Doullens, in the Rampart Tunnels, his true course—to speak out against war! If one, then all; and these were, we repeat, the intellectuals of the hour, who would be heard if they persisted. But the prospect of unsettling themselves from personal friendships and comparatively comfortable routines did not commend itself. They acquiesced either in so many words, or in refusing their active voice of condemnation. It was left to the soldier, weighted down with the fetters of discipline, to utter a *De Profundis*. These, for all their religion, connived at an iniquity.

Foreign Literature.

UNAMUNO AS NOVELIST.

La Tía Tula: Novela. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. (Madrid: Renacimiento. 5 ptas.)

Tres Novelas Ejemplares y un Prólogo. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. (Madrid: Calpe. 4 ptas.)

ONE of the great puzzles confronting those who take an interest in modern Spain is the position of D. Miguel de Unamuno. Distinguished as philosopher and essayist, as poet and novelist, he was for many years Rector of the University of Salamanca, and is universally acknowledged to be an inspiring teacher and the kindest of men. Just now, he is very much the man of the moment. Political life in Spain is in a state of incredible confusion; but the

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PRICES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is easy to agree with the popular slogan, "Prices must come down," but it should also be advanced that "Labour must work up."

So far the only prices that have come down to any appreciable extent have been the bookmakers' odds.

My mind having been irritatingly stimulated by digesting at a famous hotel near Bond Street, a "Martini," a slice of cantaloupe, a lamb cutlet, a Perrier water and some coffee, at an immodest cost of 14s. 6d., I am in the mood to talk of prices.

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Its prices are estimated by the current conditions of the woollen market. The prices of the House for Lounge Suits now range from a minimum of ten guineas upwards. Incidentally, the custom of some of the exclusive West End tailors of having only one fixed price for a lounge suit is absurd. For instance, to charge the same price for a Harris tweed suit (which is a cheap, coarse, and, to me, peculiarly unpleasant material) as for a fine quality worsted cashmere savours of insanity, or financial immorality. A fine worsted costs four times the price of a coarse tweed or a cross-bred cheviot.

In 1920 this House, buying in large quantities, was paying from 42s. to 50s. a yard for the finest quality materials. (It takes 3½ yards to cut and make a suit really well.) The linings, &c., cost £1 5s.; making the suit on the West End log cost £4 15s.; establishment charges had risen to precipitous heights, and it was then impossible to sell with any profit at all below the price of eighteen guineas a suit.

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general public take no interest in it whatever, preferring to suffer in patience and in silence, under the oppression of rulers who combine a degree of militarism unthinkable in any Northern country with the most extraordinary and unflinching incompetence. Unamuno is the only strong voice raised in protest, the only man who writes unflinchingly what everyone is thinking: that once more the Government and the generals have let the country down, and that apparently no one is to be blamed for it.

Apart from politics, again, Unamuno's supremacy as a writer is accepted without question. It is only when it has to be explained in cold blood in another country that the difficulty arises. "What is his system?" ask the philosophers. Well, Unamuno's most important work, "El Sentimiento trágico de la Vida," is soon to be published in English, so that his "system" will be there for anyone who cares to investigate it. His latest poem, "El Cristo de Velázquez," presents the same problem as his new novel. The indispensable preliminary to a right understanding of these two works is to get at the author's point of view; and that, for the majority of Englishmen, will be a difficult thing to do. Unamuno himself is an Anglophile of the Anglophiles; we may not understand him, but there is no question of his intimate understanding of us. And we, by accident perhaps, have spared him the insult inflicted upon him by an allied nation, which only began to take notice of his work when it was discovered that his sympathies during the war were fervently pro-Ally. The difficulty is that it is only too easy to misunderstand him, or to understand him in part. It is probable that the translation of "El Sentimiento trágico de la Vida" will be hailed by all the obscurantists and reactionaries as confirming their ideas, while actually it does nothing of the sort. It has always been the tragedy of reformers, that when their views become known, all the thick-headed people crowd round them and say: "Of course, I have been thinking that all along!"

It will be time enough to talk of the translation of Unamuno's book when it appears. His new novel—if the author will forgive us for saying so (indeed, his introduction has done much to suggest it)—is the story of a feminine Don Quixote whose mind was deranged through reading, not books of chivalry, but the life and letters of Santa Teresa. Aunt Gertrudis, "Tía Tula," is a remarkable achievement in character-drawing; but for more than half the book she is little more than a figure, unreal, or at any rate synthetic. She does human things, but she is scarcely human herself. Her Quixotism—Unamuno in one of his sonnets has called Santa Teresa *Quijotesa a lo divino*—makes everyone she encounters unhappy; and it does not make converts of us to find that that same Quixotism ultimately rights all wrongs and leaves a family of happy, devoted children, whose unhappy parents (a father and two mothers) have mercifully been removed. From the first, Gertrudis is the severe aunt rather than the elder sister. Ramiro, the eligible young man, is hesitating between the two. Gertrudis encounters him alone one day when he has come to the house. Which does he like best? He grudgingly answers . . . he thinks . . . her sister. This will not do for Gertrudis. When is he going to marry her sister? Gertrudis will allow no courtship, no dallying. The aim is matrimony, and the object of matrimony is babies. Gertrudis is a person who has no use for means apart from the end. She cannot see that life and living consist not in accomplishment, but in the way thither; that the precious interval is as important as the actions which begin and end it. So, in her idea, married life is reduced to having babies; it is the result of logic, ruthlessly pursued. In her own case she has to square her repulsion for men with the duty of bringing up a family; hence she becomes the severe but devoted aunt of a number of nephews and nieces who have been brought into the world practically at her orders. When at last her sister dies in child-birth, Aunt Tula refuses to become anything more than an aunt.

"Eres una santa, Gertrudis—le decía Ramiro—[when he had been detected in an intrigue with the maid]—pero una santa que ha hecho pecadores."

This danger had been foreseen by Gertrudis's Father-confessor:—

"Y por si no, le diré más claro aún que su cuñado corre peligro, y que si cae en él, le cabrá culpa."

"¿A mí?"

"¿Claro está!"

He goes on to explain how Gertrudis herself may provide the remedy, *un remedio contra la sensualidad*. Gertrudis is horrified:—

"¿Pues, no, padre; no, no y no! Yo no puedo ser remedio contra nada. ¿Que es eso de considerarme remedio? ¿Y remedio . . . contra eso! No, me estimo er más."

In passages like this Gertrudis becomes something more than a synthetic saint; but she lives most vividly in the recollection of her nephew, Ramirín. She had been teaching him geometry, and had made him beautiful little cardboard models to explain how there could be only five regular polyhedra. In a flash we see her as a real person, beautiful and convincing:

"¿Pero no ves qué claro? me decía—[her nephew used to say]—'¿no lo ves? sólo cinco y no más que cinco, ni uno menos, ni uno más, ¡qué bonito! Y no puede ser de otro modo, tiene que ser así,' y al decirlo me mostraba los cinco modelos en cartulina blanca, blanquísima, que ella misma había construido, con sus santas manos, que eran prodigiosas para todo labor, y parecía como si acabase de descubrir por sí misma la ley de los cinco poliedros regulares."

The book is filled with beautiful thoughts; yet it leaves on one a feeling of repulsion, difficult to explain. We like to imagine life as something more than having babies in stuffy rooms—*el matrimonio no se instituyó solo para hacer hijos*, as Gertrudis's confessor put it—and we have a suspicion that Sr. Unamuno's passionate interest in infant-welfare would be dismissed by some actual welfare-workers as *cosas de hombres*—"You men with your ideas!" as Aunt Tula was always saying. Many passages in the book have, indeed, an interest which is purely technical: that horror of the feeding-bottle, for instance, is an interesting and significant reflection upon Spanish ways. The children, as is natural, grow more human as they grow older; one would tolerate any quantity of messy description for a passage like this:—

"Bueno [said Aunt Tula to the youngest of her nieces, who had been crying]; no llores así."

"Pero si no lloro, ¿no ves que no lloro?"

"Para lavar los ojos cuando han visto cosas feas no está mal, pero tú no has visto cosas feas, no puedes verlas . . ."

"Y si es caso, cerrando los ojos . . ."

"No, no, así se ven cosas más feas."

No space remains for consideration of the "Three Exemplary Novels." The best of them, as the author whimsically suggests, is perhaps the prologue. In the endeavor to make his persons real, to show them struggling and suffering *con la realidad más íntima*, Sr. Unamuno deliberately leaves out those things about them without which it is difficult to make them seem "real" and convincing. His stories are exemplary in a sense that is the very opposite to that intended by Cervantes in the prologue to his own "Exemplary Novels." Compared with Cervantes, Sr. Unamuno lacks breadth, geniality, urbanity; but, above all, he despises what might be called "tactile values." His figures belong more to the world of ideas than to the world of sensations; and there is no reason why they should not do so. Where they fail is in a total lack of humor.

But, after all, the theme of "La Tía Tula" is that of a woman whose mind has been deranged by reading too much St. Teresa. Sr. Unamuno admits in the preface that the full possibilities of it only began to dawn upon him when the book was nearly finished; and it is a subject which could hardly be undertaken satisfactorily by a man. It would need someone who was, in a way, herself a great lady—the Duchess in "Don Quixote," for example. It is pleasant to imagine the Duchess dictating to Altisidora, who would interrupt a rather long or over-decorated expression in the way that Susanna does in the letter scene in "Figaro": "By the scented pines . . ." "By the . . . what, ma'am?"

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Books in Brief.

The Development of an Indian Policy. Vol. II. By G. ANDERSON and M. SUBEDAR. (Bell. 5s. net.)

THE fashion of teaching history by the use of contemporary documents is an admirable one, and nowhere can it more usefully be applied than to the interpretation of Indian policy. This second volume by Professor Anderson and his colleague treats of the last days of the Company, and it is a very useful collection of material. It is, however, a little difficult to understand upon exactly what principles the selection has been made. Ram Mohun Roy, for instance, is an interesting reformer; but he has no real connection with the theory of Company rule. Nor are the reflections of M. Chailley or the descriptions of William Carey on the same footing as official despatches and debates. It was admirable to disinter the great evidence of James Mill before the Committee of 1832; but it is a pity that we could not have been given a larger selection.

Roumania in Light and Shadow. By ETHEL GREENING PANTAZZI. (Fisher Unwin. 30s. net.)

THIS diary, kept by an American lady married to a Roumanian officer, begins some years before the war. The first half excites in the reader little interest, though one is moved to reflect that one need not trouble to undertake a long journey in order to find "handsome buildings replete with every convenience." Roumania's entry into the war threw the author and her husband into many adventures. They were in Odessa when the Russian Revolution began, and the diary tells of exciting episodes under the Bolsheviks, who imprisoned her husband and broke faith with Colonel Boyle, a gallant Canadian who flew to Odessa in an aeroplane to arrange an exchange of prisoners, and voluntarily joined the Roumanians and others in bondage when the Soviet Commissars refused to keep the promise they had made.

From the Publishers' Table.

MR. KNOPF will publish the American edition of Mr. de la Mare's romance, the "Memoirs of a Midget," in the spring.

A SHORT play by Wilde, "For Love of the King," never published in book form hitherto, is announced for an early appearance by Messrs. Methuen.

ANTHOLOGIES increase and multiply, though we nowadays have no Birket Foster to illustrate them. If art experts will forgive us the simple faith, we may imagine how well that placid soul could have embellished a collection of "Poems of Home and Overseas," about to be published by Mr. Milford. The book has been compiled by Charles Williams (himself a poet of distinction) and V. H. Collins, with the purpose of expressing the spirit of England.

OF a different tendency, and indeed probably congenial to Birket Foster's mild pencil, is a choice of "Georgian Stories" promised for the spring by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The publishers express the hope that this, like its poetical prototype, will be welcomed warmly enough to justify its becoming an annual. Its novelty, at any rate, deserves the attention of that large public which is believed to appreciate the recent orgy of anthologizing.

THE eighteenth century remains practically immune, but we hear that its hour is coming. It is a period which would undoubtedly repay diligent research in the byways and hedges, even the very remotest; and at least two diligent compilers of wild-flower nosegays are in train of exploration. The continuation of metaphysical and mystic verse through that century is one of the promising though much entangled trails.

OUR table groans of late under the new volume of Burke's "Landed Gentry." The work is one of about two thousand pages, the editor observing that compression has been a great difficulty. Estates have passed into new hands, and in many instances three landowners have taken the place of one. Great as has been the labor, the result looks very clear and ample. This is the thirteenth edition and the ninety-first year of the reference book; it is published at 22, Suffolk Street, S.W.; and the price is six guineas.

It is not the only monument of industry before us. Another is "A History of the Douglas Family of Morton (Dumfriesshire)," by Mr. Percy W. L. Adams. In all its nine hundred pages we dwell longest on those relating to Annie Laurie. William Douglas, who flourished about 1700, was the suitor of this lady and the author of the song; and Mr. Adams quotes much of interest about her and several unfamiliar and pleasing variations of her lover's lyrical celebration. Though the book is of the lavish type, with illustrations "regardless," and a full index, it may be had for a guinea from the Sidney Press at Bedford.

THE books of Messrs. Dobell rarely fail to provoke our curiosity and envy, and their latest (Bruton Street) catalogue, of which the first part extends alphabetically from Addison to Jonson, bids the bookish fancy roam. We imagine few bookshops in the country could not muster some edition of that jingling impudence known as "Barnabee's Journal," but here are two copies of the original edition, and one priced at £90. A book of little importance cost Thomas Gray 1s. 9d., which we think was dear; but as he wrote in it his name and this detail of price, it appears no longer dear at £4 10s.

SECOND-HAND bookshops, even in Oxford, still provide lucky adventures for the industrious collector. A copy of Coleridge's "Biographia" was bought in one last week for 17s. 6d. Its buyer, when examining the volume in his hotel, found some notes on a blank page initialled "W." A reference at the Bodleian confirmed that the notes were by Wordsworth. The next call was on the same bookseller, who repurchased the volume for £12.

A NEW series of handbooks on "The Provinces of Ireland" is announced by the Cambridge University Press. They will, by all the indications, epitomize every aspect of their subject except politics. Politics are barred. Volumes on Ulster and Munster will be the first to appear; then will come those on Leinster and Connaught, and to complete the work, a somewhat larger volume on Ireland as a whole.

ONE or two University periodicals have come under our eye. The "Free Oxford," which began in such soul-searching fashion, is already an elderly youngster. An article by Mr. Edward Carpenter recommending nudity has lately enlivened its pages. The "New Cambridge" and the "Old Cambridge" flourish side by side, and both throw light on the Newnham riot which we have missed elsewhere. In the "New Cambridge" there is one reviewer's gem:—

"In the last two lines one feels very Ophelia from 'Lear.'"

The Drama.

A PSYCHIC SHADOW SHOW.

"I was smoking in a tavern-parlor one night," says Thackeray, "and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him." Thackeray, no doubt, is not the only novelist who has claimed the experience of meeting his own characters outside his books. This experience, which is the theme of Wilhelm von Scholz's "The Race with the Shadow," recently played at the Hampstead Everyman Theatre, of course invites dramatic handling. It is at the same time a theme that

Encyclopædia Britannica.

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needs to be handled with decision. We should be ready—some of us might even be too ready—to accept it in the shape of a mere tale of marvels engineered by the old-fashioned irrational magic. More satisfyingly it might have been based on authentic modern magic, some speculative extension of the facts of telepathy and unconscious cerebration. An explanation of one kind or another is surely called for when a novelist is visited in his study after dinner by one of his own creations. But whatever Herr von Scholz means by his story—whether it is indeed telepathy or fantasy or parable—he leaves everything faint, impalpable, obscure. He calls his play "The Race with the Shadow," but the shadow has caught it up and completely drowned it.

The "Stranger" who enters the story in this eerie way is certainly not himself a mere shadow of imagination. He is an old lover of the novelist's wife, and when the novelist goes away to finish his book in peace at a country house, where he may hope to be free from such peculiar intrusions, the Stranger once again seduces the woman. Back comes Dr. Martins, the novelist, with the seduction all written out in his book, and the uncomfortable news for the seducer that in the last chapter he dies in a duel. There is both subtlety and strength in the scene of the third act in which Martins exposes the shivering soul of the Stranger who has (according to him) outstayed the purpose of his existence, and ought long ago to have had the courage to end his worthless life. The Stranger takes the hint, and goes out to shoot himself, leaving a note to say that he has at least thwarted Martins by not falling in a duel. Martins, however, shows the last page of his manuscript to the woman with a knowing look, from which we gather that he has scored off the Stranger once again. We leave him in warm recriminations with his wife.

We have seen Mr. Franklin Dyall in parts that suited him better than that of Dr. Martins. A naturalistic actor, and a keen observer of positive traits of character or profession, he seemed rather at a loss in this drama of dreaming and introspection. Dr. Martins is a part on which an actor of a romantic and Maeterlinckian temperament (Sir John Martin Harvey, for instance) might, we imagine, throw a great deal of silvery illumination. As the Stranger Mr. Felix Aylmer also stuck grimly to realism, but as he was the flesh-and-blood man of the two rivals he succeeded far better. In make-up and in playing his presentation of the hapless and sinister slave of the passions was a great triumph. Mr. Aylmer has the gift (which is not so common as it might be) of playing emotional scenes in everyday modern dress without a trace of embarrassment. The frenzy of his evil love-making is quite terrifying, and yet it is not for a second overdone. One rarely climbs the hill to the Everyman Theatre without finding something really noteworthy in recompense, and this time it was Mr. Aylmer's fine performance. Miss Ruth Bower, who played the wife, is not at all wanting in temperament and power, but, at present, she injures her own effects a great deal by exaggerated facial expression.

D. L. M.

Science.

EINSTEIN WITHOUT RELATIVITY.

THE feature which is chosen as characteristic of any particular age in history depends, of course, on the point of view. No selection can be made which is not largely arbitrary; thus, if we assert that the most important and characteristic contribution of the nineteenth century was the theory of evolution, it might be thought that we were looking at the matter purely from the point of view of the history of science. Other people, with different preoccupations, might talk about the Bismarckian Age. We should not be satisfied that their description was equally justified, but, to avoid a prolonged and probably inconclusive argument, it may be admitted that the description chosen is to some extent a matter of taste. But those future historians who regard the nineteenth

century, compendiously, as the age of Darwin, will, we are confident, regard the present age as the age of Einstein. The reason for this is to be found not only in the magnitude, but in the nature, of the theory of Relativity. Einstein himself, as we learn from Herr Moszkowski's entertaining book,* ranks Newton, Faraday and Maxwell as the greatest three men of science. Faraday and Maxwell were contemporary with Darwin, and yet, as we have said, we should associate the nineteenth century more emphatically with Darwin than with Maxwell. Yet, if it be asserted, as Einstein would probably assert, that the electromagnetic theory of light is a greater scientific theory than the theory of natural selection, we should feel much inclined to agree. But the important difference, for our immediate purpose, consists, we think, in the fact that the theory of evolution lends itself to much more varied generalization than does the Maxwellian theory. The idea of evolution can be immediately generalized and made applicable to a great number of non-biological subjects. It has become what the Germans call a "world-regulating principle." It does not matter that many of these applications have been hasty and ill-conceived; the idea has potentialities which make it of more than a purely biological interest. Maxwell's theory does not incorporate an idea which can be immediately extended in this way; the theory of relativity, on the other hand, promises to be as fruitful, or almost as fruitful, as the theory of evolution. It may not undergo so rapid an extension, for its central idea is, perhaps, rather more difficult to grasp. And it may be that even its applications will always belong to a more abstract region than that to which the theory of evolution has been applied. But it is, nevertheless, we think, the most powerful and comprehensive idea which has appeared, or is likely to appear, in our time.

Such books as this of Moszkowski, therefore, disconnected and fragmentary as it is, have a peculiar value. The world is curious about its great men, and its curiosity does not shrink from the most insignificant details. It can always pretend, as it does with Shelley and Keats, that these details assist appreciation of the great man's work. In the present volume, however, we are not given many details; the only concession to ordinary "human" interest is to be found in the statement that Einstein dissolved his first marriage. The chief interest of the book consists in its expositions of Einstein's ideas on matters which are not purely scientific. It is true that Herr Moszkowski includes several of Einstein's remarks on purely scientific subjects, but these remarks interest us chiefly as exemplifying the penalties of greatness. We can picture Einstein surrounded by these earnest, humorless, romantic inquirers, all asking for "simple explanations," the essentials of his "world-view," agape to learn, from the fountain head, the "marvels" of the four-dimensional universe. But Einstein appears to be very patient. In these conversations he reveals barely a trace of the huge, implacable boredom that must afflict him. Attendants at the exhibitions held at Olympia would, perhaps, sympathize with him. The same questions, the same stupidities, day after day, week after week! We cannot exempt even Herr Moszkowski from his share in depressing Einstein and, probably, shortening his life. Herr Moszkowski is always trying to entangle him in philosophic speculations, in the grotesque "scientific" fancies of Monsieur Flammarion, and in discussions on the "occult." Einstein is bored with all these "salon subjects." Vague ideas, romantic hypotheses, do not interest him. He is a scientific man of an exceptionally pure kind, and we see that, in this Berlin society, he is expected to appear as a kind of cross between a black magician and a society preacher.

But when four-dimensional space, the finite but unbounded universe, and such subjects, are temporarily exhausted, the conversations become interesting enough. It appears that music is a necessity to Einstein, and that it is music of the great classical period which chiefly interests him. Besides his violin playing, which seems to be of a high order, he is constantly improvising at the

* "Einstein the Searcher: his Work explained from Dialogues with Einstein." By Alexander Moszkowski. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

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[Next week.]

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piano, and Herr Moszkowski, who has not heard him, reflects ingeniously and romantically on the influence on Einstein's improvisations of his wonderful grasp of "space." The fact appears to be that, so far as music is concerned, Einstein is chiefly interested in sound architecture and logical development. There is more in it than this, of course, but it distinguishes the music he is interested in from the more modern music which does not interest him. In literature he seems to prefer "The Brothers Karamazov" to anything else, a fact that distresses Herr Moszkowski. Einstein is emphatic on this point, however, and informed his slightly scandalized hearer that Dostoevsky gave him more than science itself. We may doubt this, perhaps, although we can see that Herr Moszkowski's insistence that everything about Einstein must be related to his scientific genius would breed a certain irritation. "Don Quixote" is another book which means a great deal to Einstein, while Zola and Ibsen are amongst the writers he finds he can neglect. Painting, it is interesting to learn, means nothing whatever to him. In politics he is a pacifist and a Socialist. In these matters, then, he is, in a way, typical. There is nothing here which is particularly revealing, although it is consistent.

But he becomes more individual when he discourses on the great men of the past. He by no means accepts current estimates. In scientific work, in particular, he makes a decided distinction between real insight and vague guesses. He is very sceptical indeed, for instance, regarding Leonardo da Vinci's claims to be considered a great man of science. He doubts whether he had more than the vaguest idea of certain celebrated principles he is credited with discovering. A great man of science, Einstein admits, need not realize all the implications of his idea, but the idea itself should be crystal clear. Vagueness he abhors, and for that reason he is not sympathetic to metaphysical inquiries. A metaphysician, it seems to Einstein, is engaged in trying to pursue different directions of thought at the same time. In that way, he thinks, a slightly bewildered sense that one is taking in large views may be obtained, but he is completely sceptical as to whether the procedure has more than an emotional value. All this part of Herr Moszkowski's book is well worth reading, as are also, from a more practical point of view, Einstein's views on education. He speaks as a practical and successful teacher, and as one who suffers from, and detests, his own early training. His views are highly stimulating and are, in some points, singularly unexpected, but their exposition would require a separate article.

S.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Burlington House: Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

Suffolk Street Galleries: Royal Society of British Artists.

Grosvenor Galleries: Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary British Artists.

THERE is really not much good new work at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and the visitors from a past generation stand out with painful clearness. Flora Lion's portraits of Lady Joan Mulholland (No. 70), the Hon. Mrs. E. Stonor (No. 71), and Lady Perry (No. 74) are some of the ablest in the exhibition. They are superficial and too generalized in characterization, but undeniably clever. Two portraits by Bernard Adams (Nos. 14 and 182) are interesting, though not wholly successful; but the artist is at least contending with his subject, though he has not fully realized his vision. But it is much more satisfactory than the mass of the things here. Most of the portraits are mere melancholy masks which do not penetrate at all, with here and there an attempt at sensation, such as Mr. Stanley Mercer's portrait of a boy in cricketer's clothes against a black background (No. 56). This is not in the least striking; it is an assault upon the optic nerve. There are numerous pictures of charming English girls (Nos. 2, 49, 51, 116, and 120) painted with little insight, but attractive enough; though even the work of that good artist Mr. Frederic Whiting seems dulled by his surroundings. It is a relief to note Mr. J. H.

Lorimer's portrait of the Earl of Mar and Kellie (No. 196)—a really excellent "official" portrait, a gay uniform gaily painted and a successful portrait. It stands out remarkably.

Among the visitors there is some most interesting work, both from the shades and from the last generation. Perhaps the most striking is the Millais, "Hearts are Trumps" (No. 44). It is an example of great power, though never near being a great picture; but the artist certainly had "the bones and sinews of a great painter." There are some choice Whistlers: it is amusing to note how that finished composer could lend distinction to the painful angle of the female hat of the "eighties." And a fine Sargent, "Lady Meyer and her Children" (No. 179).

The R.B.A. has and keeps a very cheerful tradition. There is no first-rate picture here, but much that is excellent and attractive. Mr. Orlando Greenwood's three paintings (Nos. 196, 203, and 287) stand out by their virtuosity, and are, furthermore, an interesting object-lesson in the dangers of virtuosity without thought. No. 196 is an excellent still life, quick and arresting; but the heavier subjects, "The Groom" and "Amy," are overweighted by the skill of the executant and are not devoid of a touch of commonness. But he has a fine equipment if he would employ his mind upon its exercise. "The Bouquet," by Madeline Wells, is a beautiful decoration, with all this artist's fine sense of color. Mr. Barry Pittar's two sketches, "The Doorway of S. Maria della Salute" (No. 5) and "A Shower Bath in Trafalgar Square" (No. 253), are singularly attractive. It is difficult to make up one's mind about Miss Ethel Walker's work, of which "The Angels of the Resurrection" (No. 168) is a good example. It is so fine and so distinguished, and yet never fully realized. It is so often started too soon and finished too soon. But she has the secret of beauty.

Messrs. Colnaghi's autumn exhibition is selected with their usual discrimination. It is thoroughly representative of the best contemporary English art, and it is satisfactory to find the level is so high. Gerald Kelly's "Jane in White" (No. 18) is a really fine portrait. It has not the genius and the imaginative insight of Mr. John's best work, but it is really notable—the most sympathetic work by this artist that has yet been seen. Sir Charles Holmes's two paintings (Nos. 2 and 4) are deeper and finer than usual, and show more of his artistic insight and less of what one may call his expository powers. There is a lovely Pissarro, "Apple Blossom, River's Bridge Farm." Mr. McBey's portrait of Mr. Martin Hardie, "Etcher and Bureaucrat" (No. 92), is interesting and good, though not wholly successful. This artist has not yet found his way about a large canvas.

E. S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Mon. 21. University College, 5.—"The Bridges of London," Lecture II., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"The Wonders of Geology," Lecture VII., Dr. J. D. Falconer.
King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Austria-Hungary, 1526-1827," Lecture V., Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Greco-Turkish Question," Lecture VII., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"An Indian Doctrine of Perception and Error," Dr. F. W. Thomas.
Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"Jan Mayen: an Old Arctic Volcano," Mr. J. M. Wordie.
Tues. 22. King's College, 5.15.—"Town Chronicles," Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Modern Scientific Revolution: The Pragmatic Theory of the Intellect," Dr. H. Wildon Carr.
King's College, 5.30.—"Russian History to Peter the Great," Lecture VII., Sir Bernard Pares.
King's College, 5.30.—"Psychology and Psychotherapy," Lecture VI., Dr. W. Brown.
Women's Engineering Society (26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.), 6.15.—"Women and the Conquest of the Air," Miss Mary Abbott.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Mexico," Mrs. Zelia Nuttall.
Sociological Society (Royal Society's Rooms), 8.15.—"The Successors of Austria-Hungary," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

